DEMOLISH

WHAT STANDS ABOVE YOU!

- ISSUE SIX -

WHO ARE YOU?

DEMOLISH SIX

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Thank you to all the people who helped out with this project. You know who you are!

www.mattlimmer.com mail@mattlimmer.com

This zine is printed on 100% wheat pulp paper.

DEMOLISH
WHAT
STANDS ABOVE YOU!

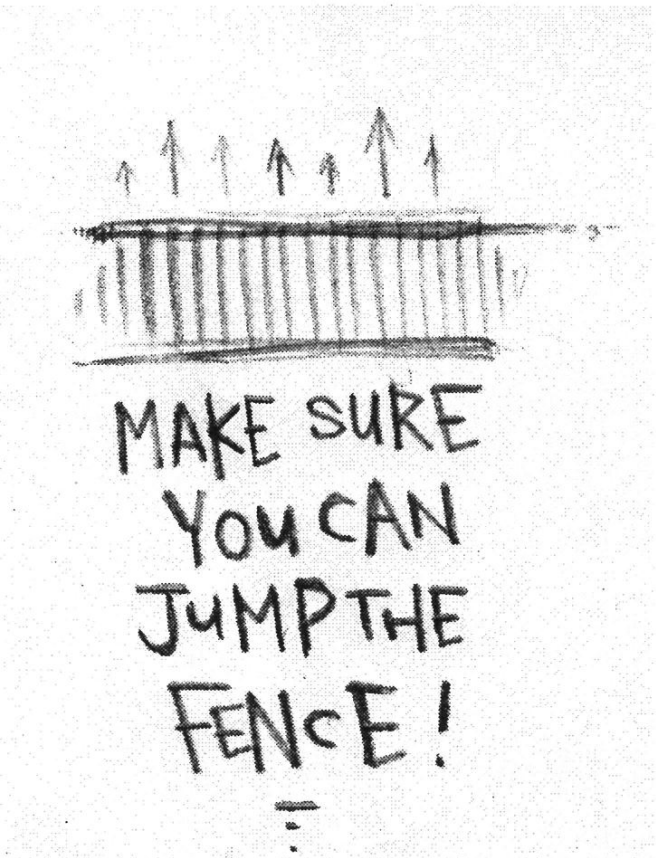
This zine is dedicated to *Steve Towson* (still kicking) who altered my life by saying:

"Once we realise that we are the people who create the world. Once *we* realise that we have the power to change the world. This is revolutionary ... this is a revolution."

Rats as Pets

Mt Gravatt Markets
Sunday 7th June
ONE DAY RAT SALE!
1× 12 Litter (4weeks)
3× Semi-mature females
2× Mature Males

Further info Contact:
hannah mae jones@hotmail.com

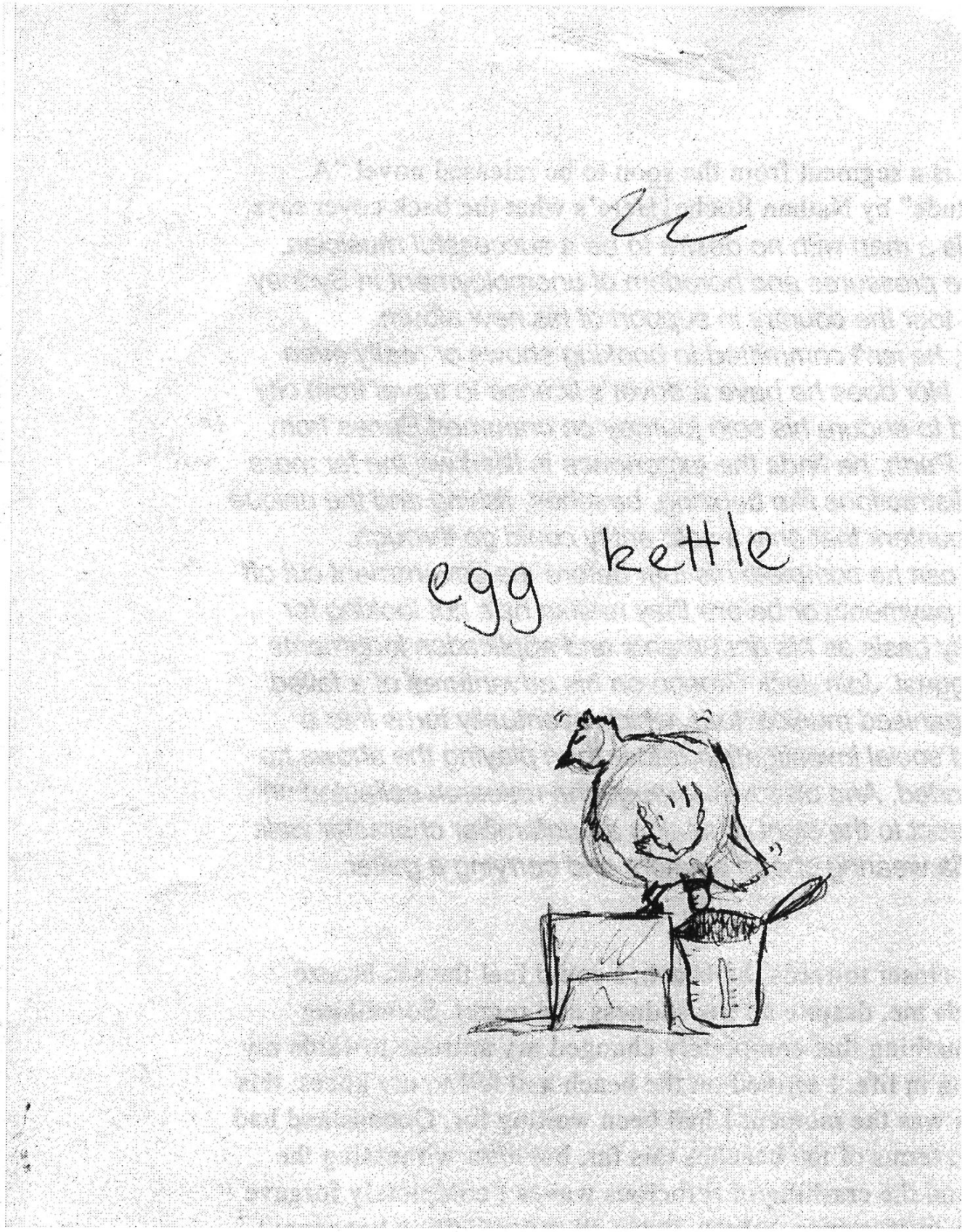

MAKE SURE
YOU CAN
JUMP THE
FENCE!

All I want to do is
live in the present.
I've got no use with the
past. I have no
care for the future.
The grass is greener...
under my feet.

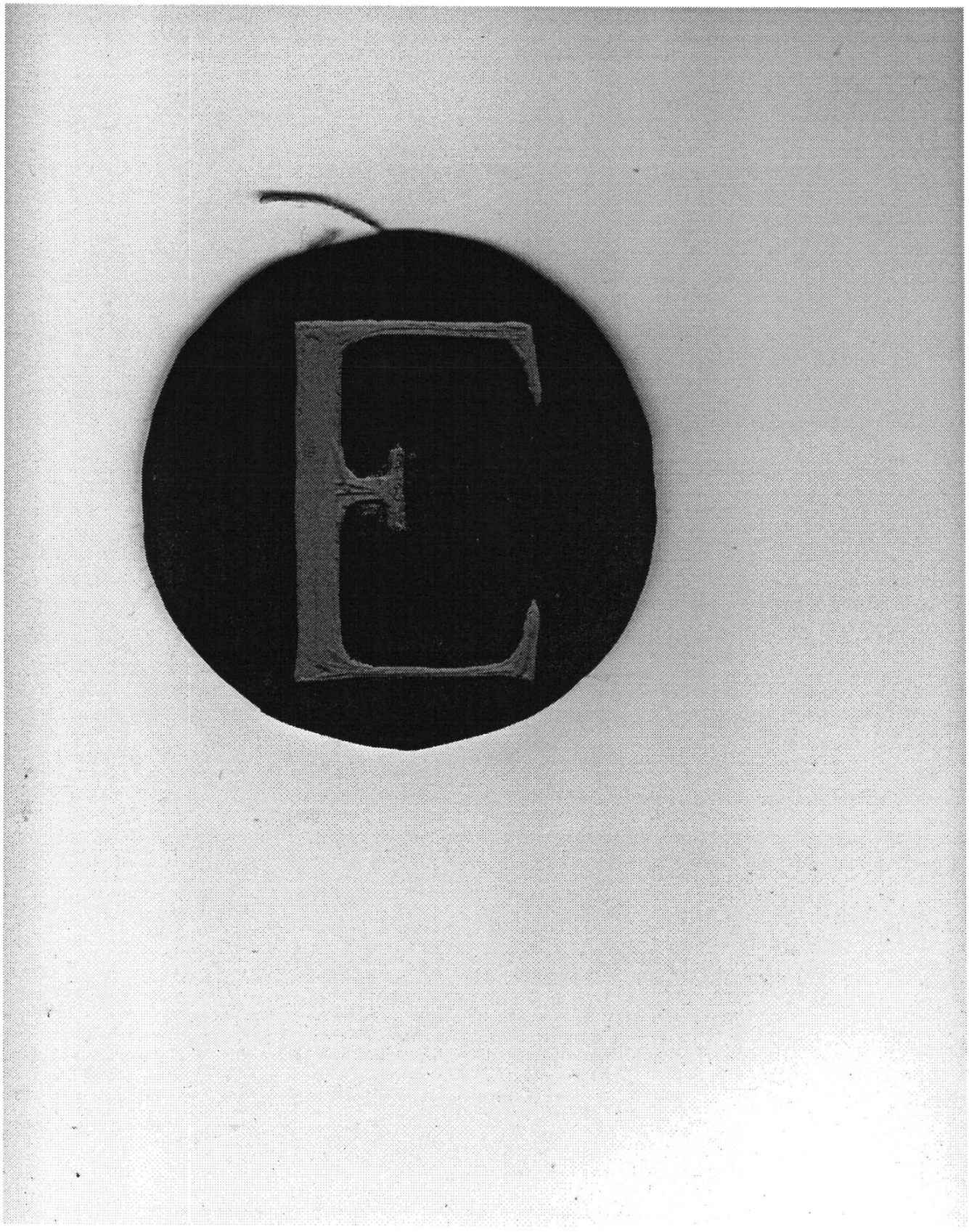
My skin is a ~~metaphore~~
~~for~~ veil. - Holds in
keep what's inside from
being seen by those
who need see.

ctive like an acid flashback

Trying to control perspe



This woman at my work boils eggs in the kettle, the same kettle that everyone uses to make their coffee. And these aren't store bought eggs. Her chickens popped them out their butts only hours earlier!



Equality *is* a laughing matter...

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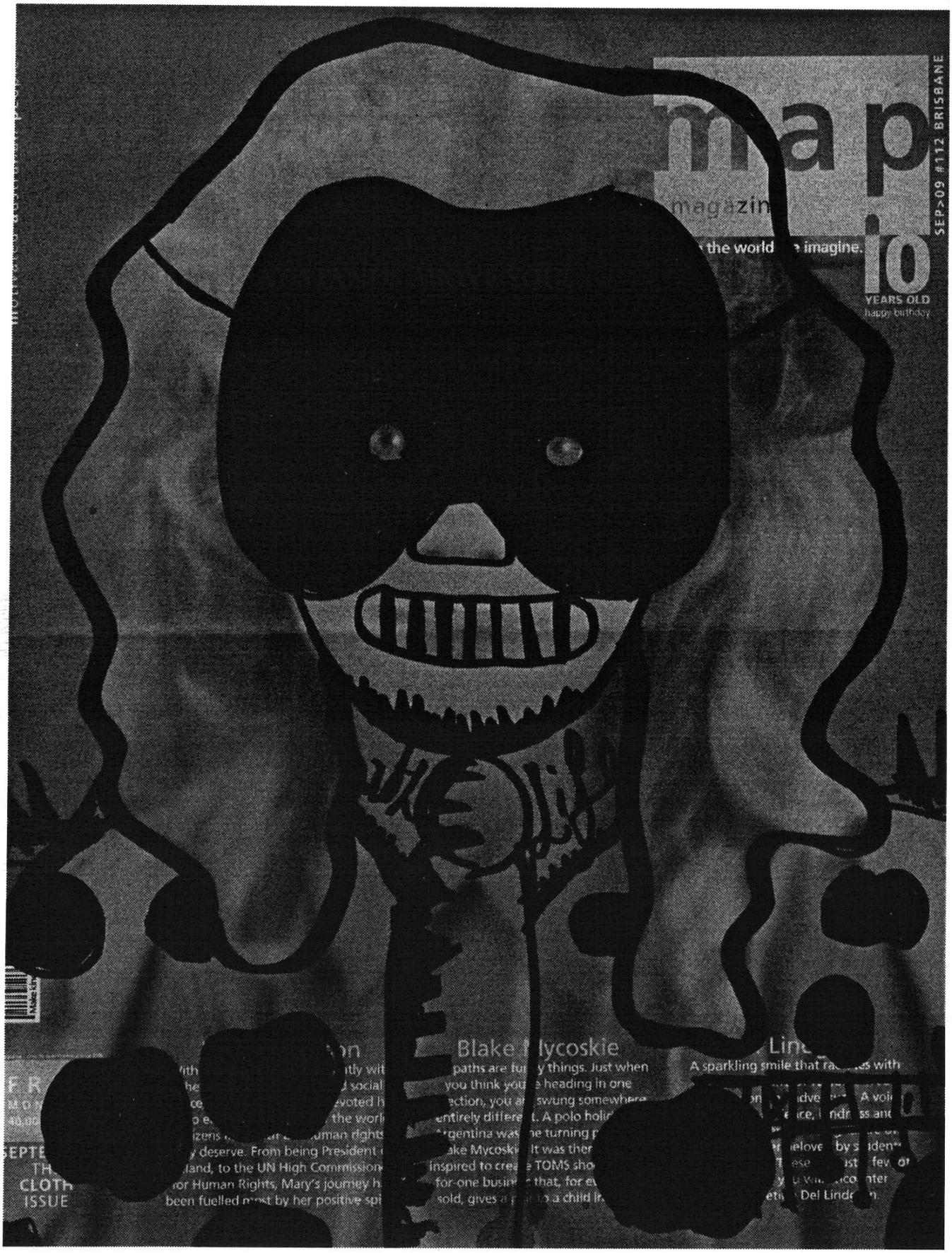
map
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YEARS OLD
happy birthday
SEP>09 #112 BRISBANE
Blake Mycoskie
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A sparkling smile that ra s with
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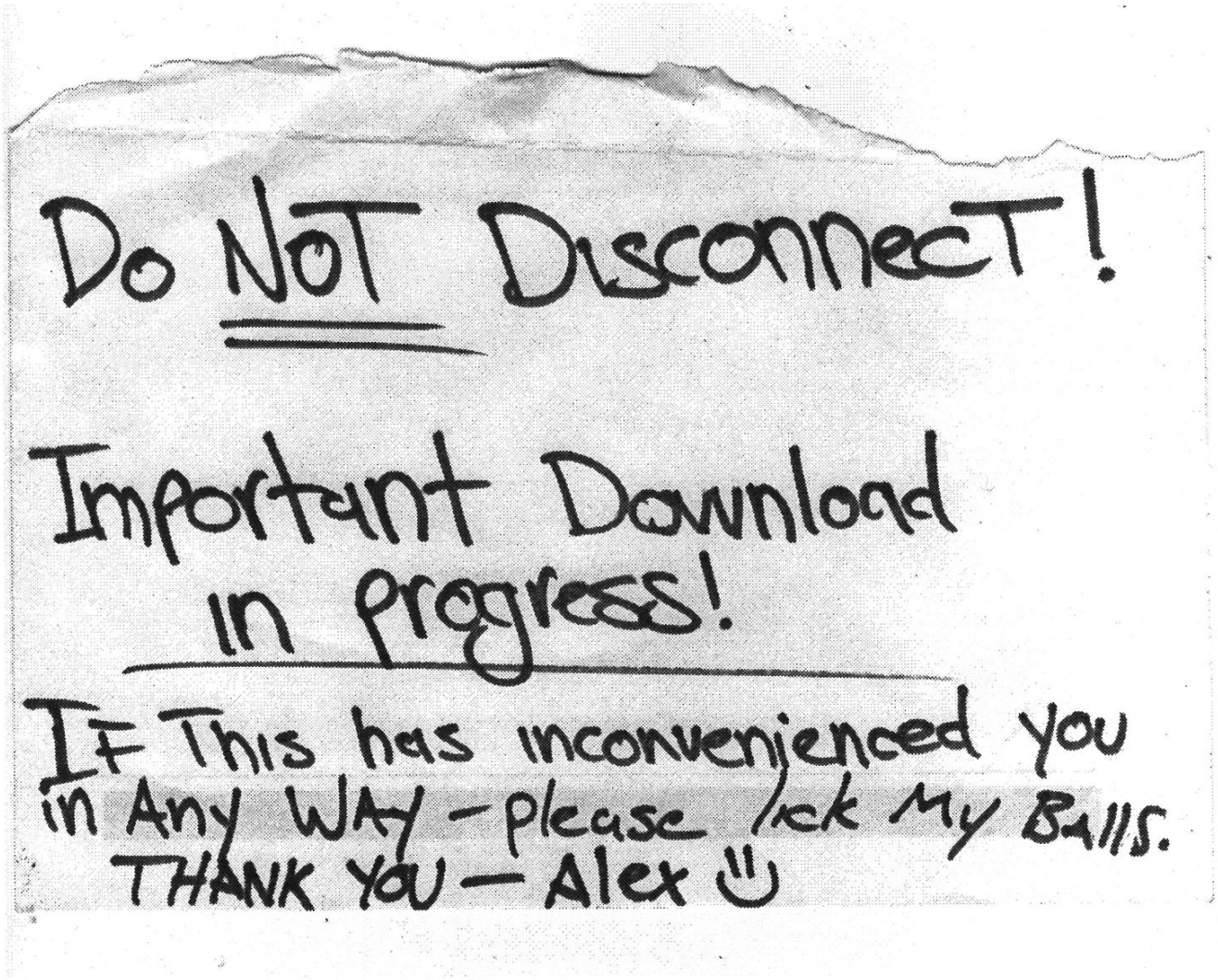
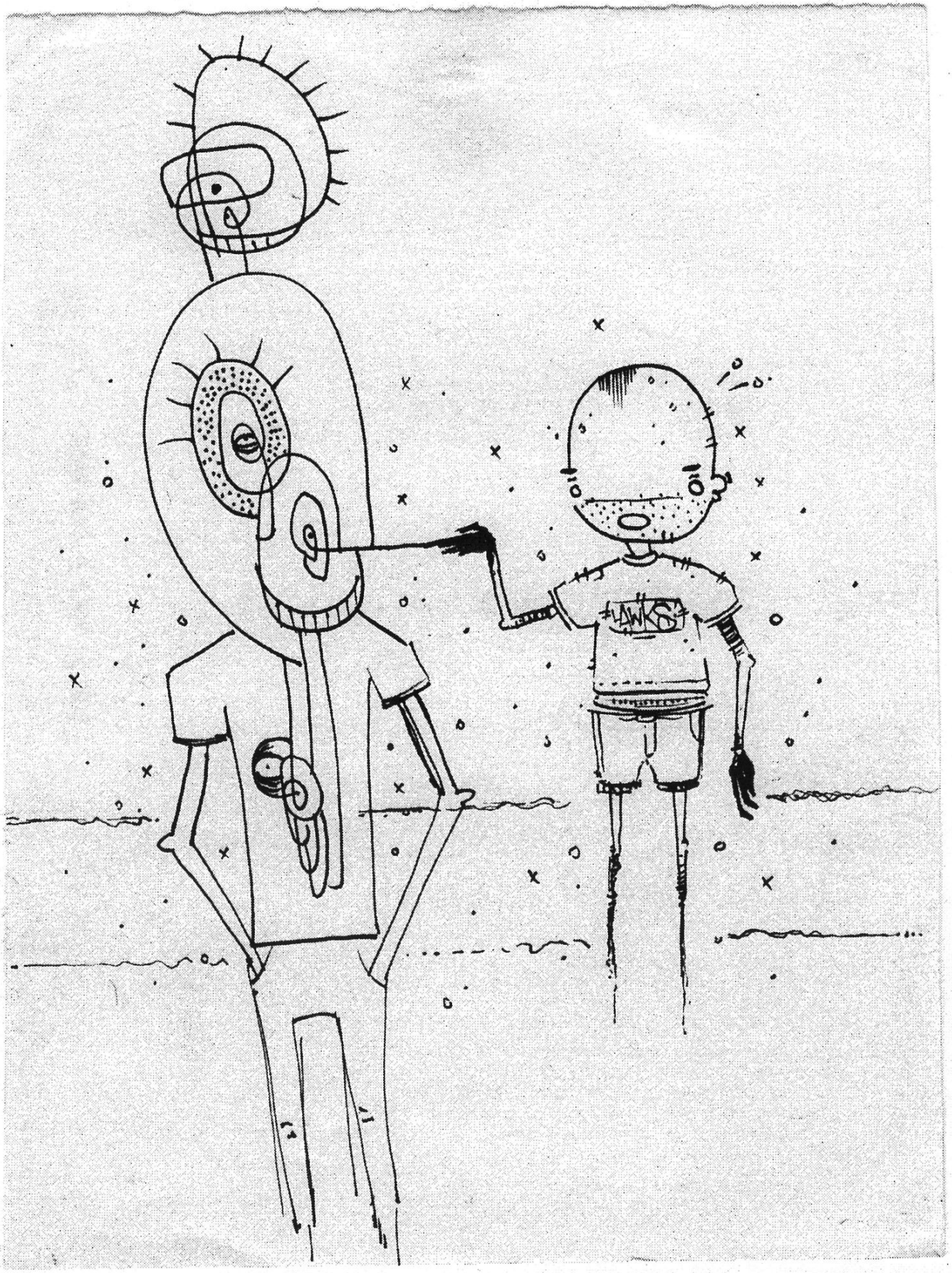
CLOTh
ISSUE


Do NoT Disconnect!
Important Download
in progress!
If This has inconvenienced you
in Any WAY - please lick My Balls.
THANK YOU - Alex

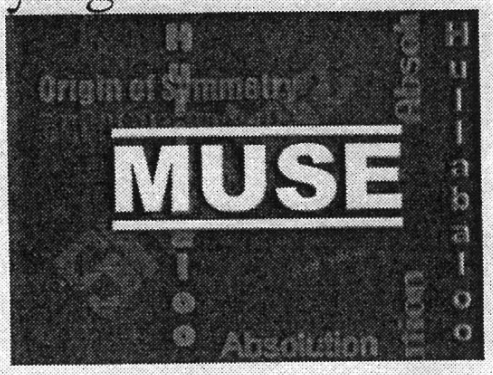


Artwork by Shane Keen and Matt Limmer.

HELP WANTED!!!

Help out a fellow student in need!!

I'm trying to win tickets to see



WHY BOTHER? everything after absolution is pretty wanky... it's called progress wanker!

Click on this link:
http://theresistance.net.au/wilde_263 if you have twitter or facebook
or email me at
wilde_confessions@hotmail.com

You don't need to do anything else!! Just spend a minute or two of your precise time to help another (poor desperate and begging on her knees!) student out!!!!

I'LL SEND GOOD KARMA YOUR WAY!!!!!

The artwork on the next five pages are by

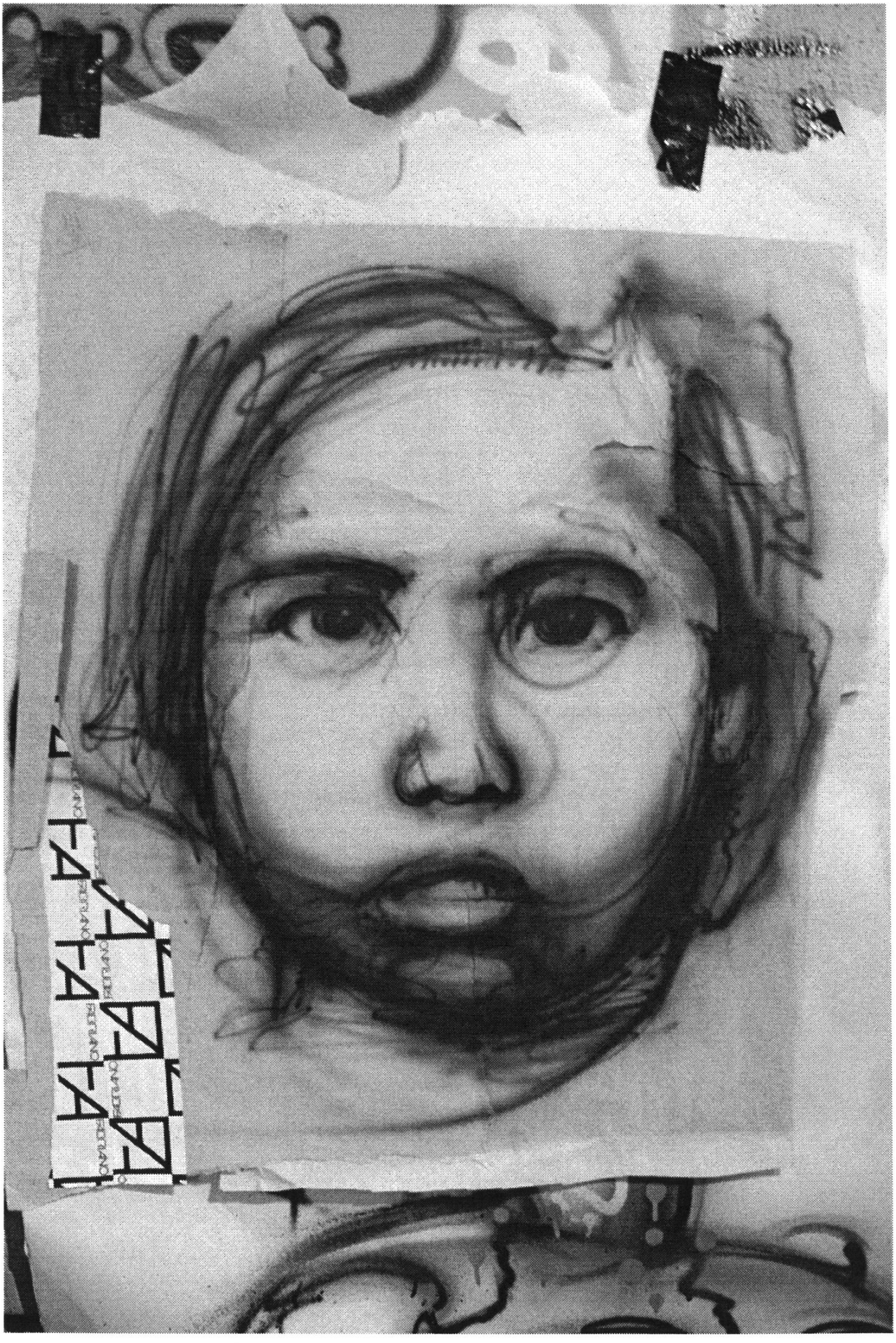
DOUGLAS ARANA

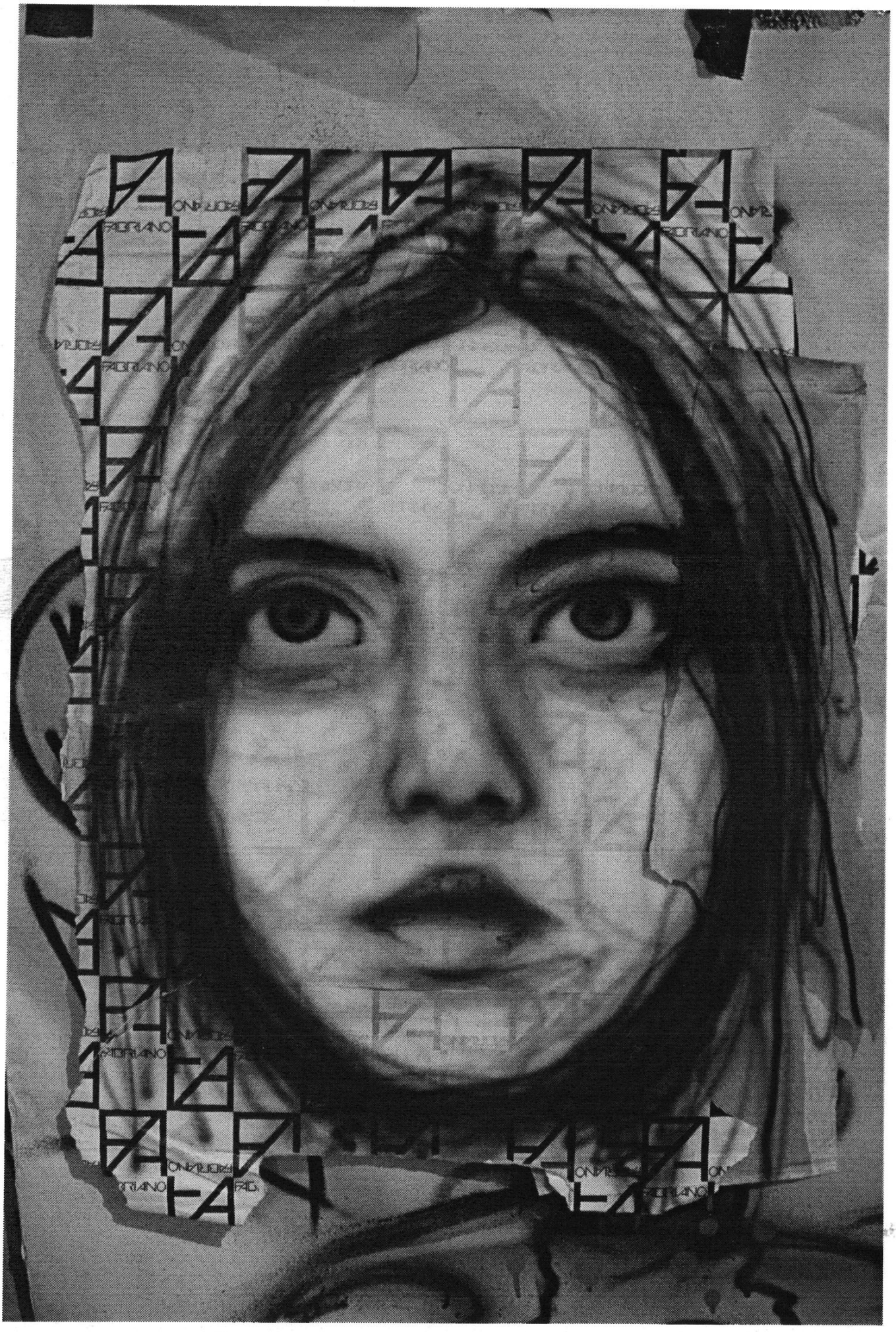
[vixotology@hotmail.com]

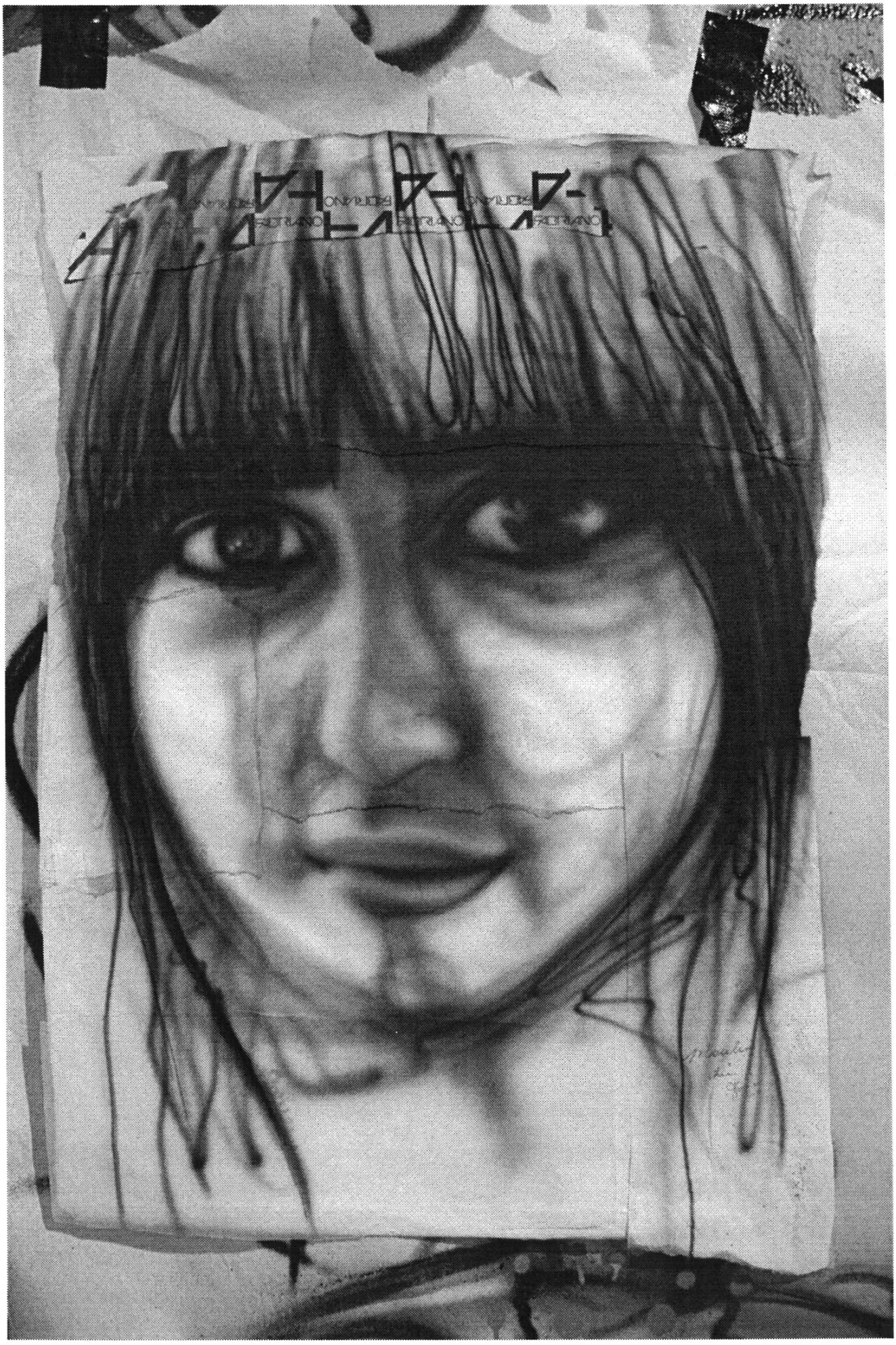
The artwork on the next five pages are by

JOHNNY BEEZ

[jon-kobe@hotmail.com]







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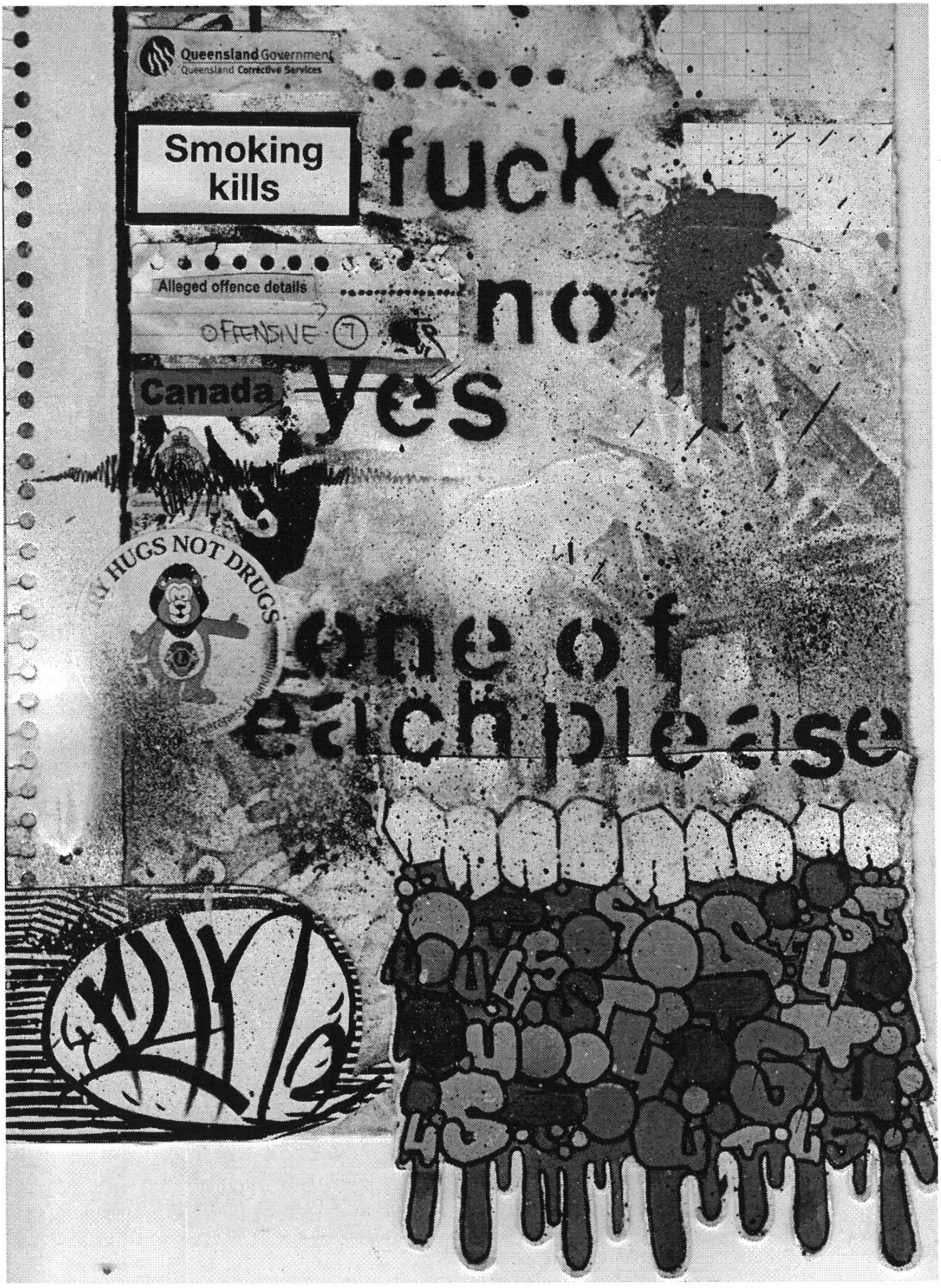
SHANE KEEN

[troublecollective@gmail.com]


Queensland Government
Queensland Corrective Services
Smoking kills
fuck
Alleged offence details
OFFENSIVE ?
no
Canada
yes
HUGS NOT DRUGS
one of
each please

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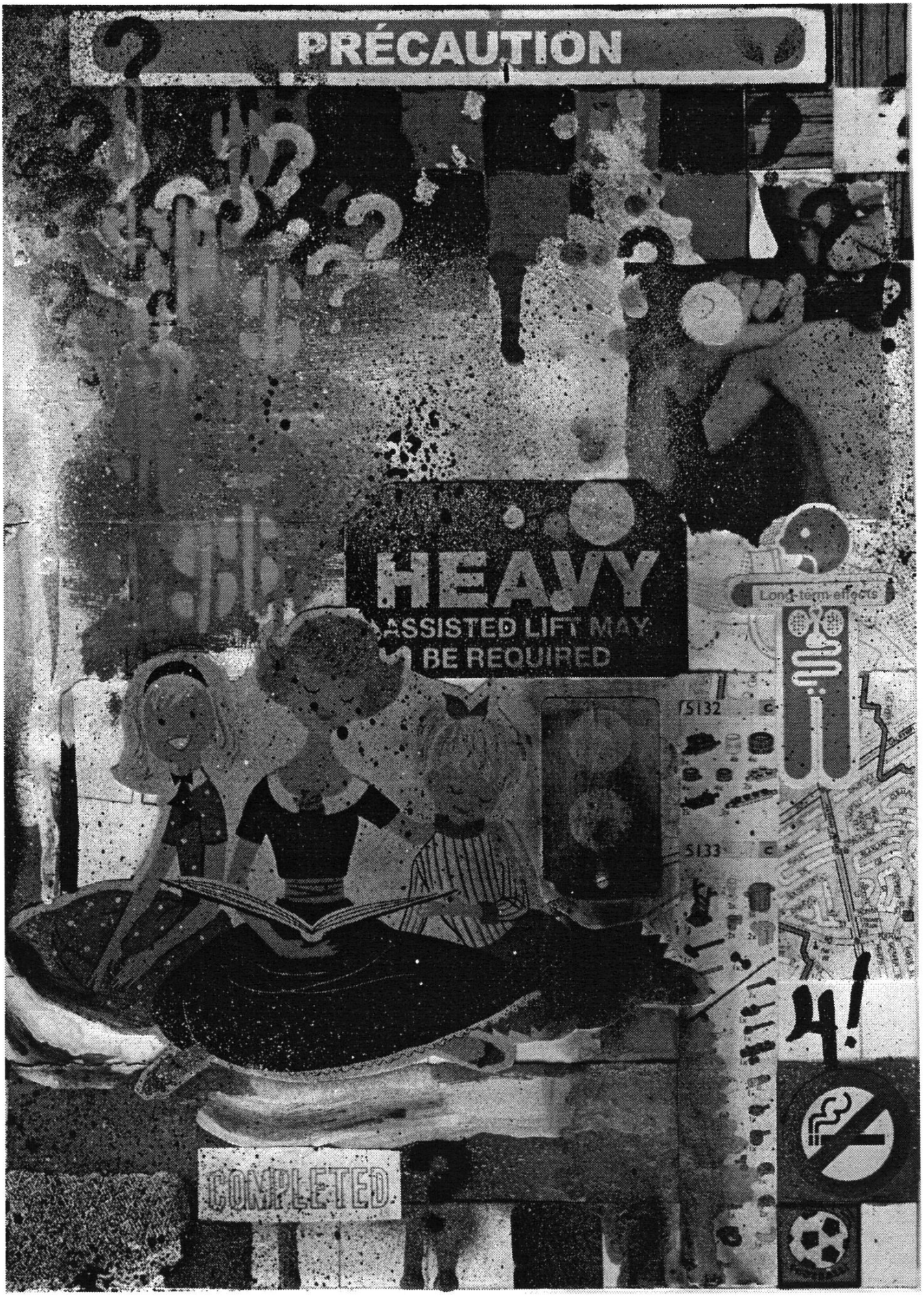
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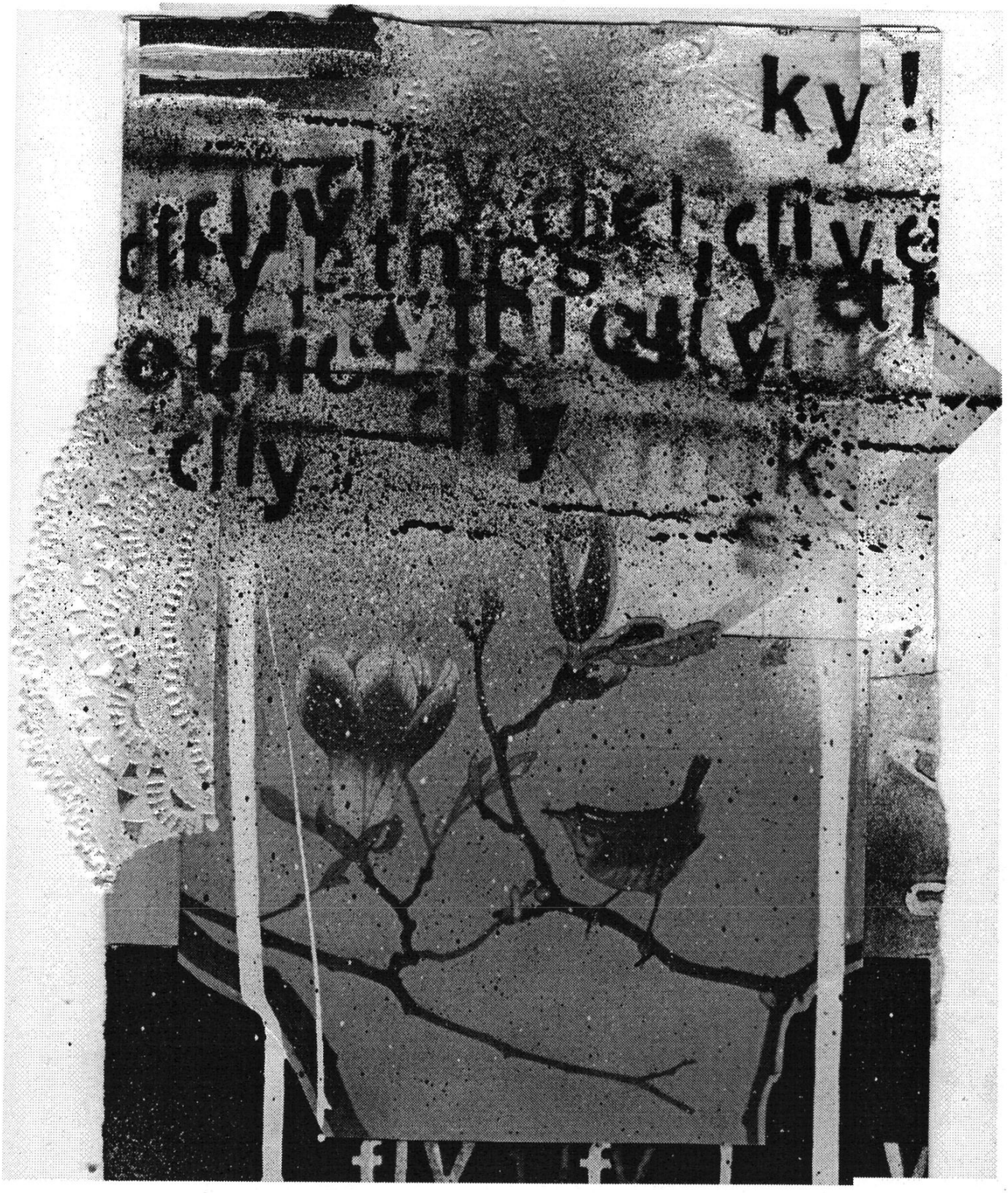
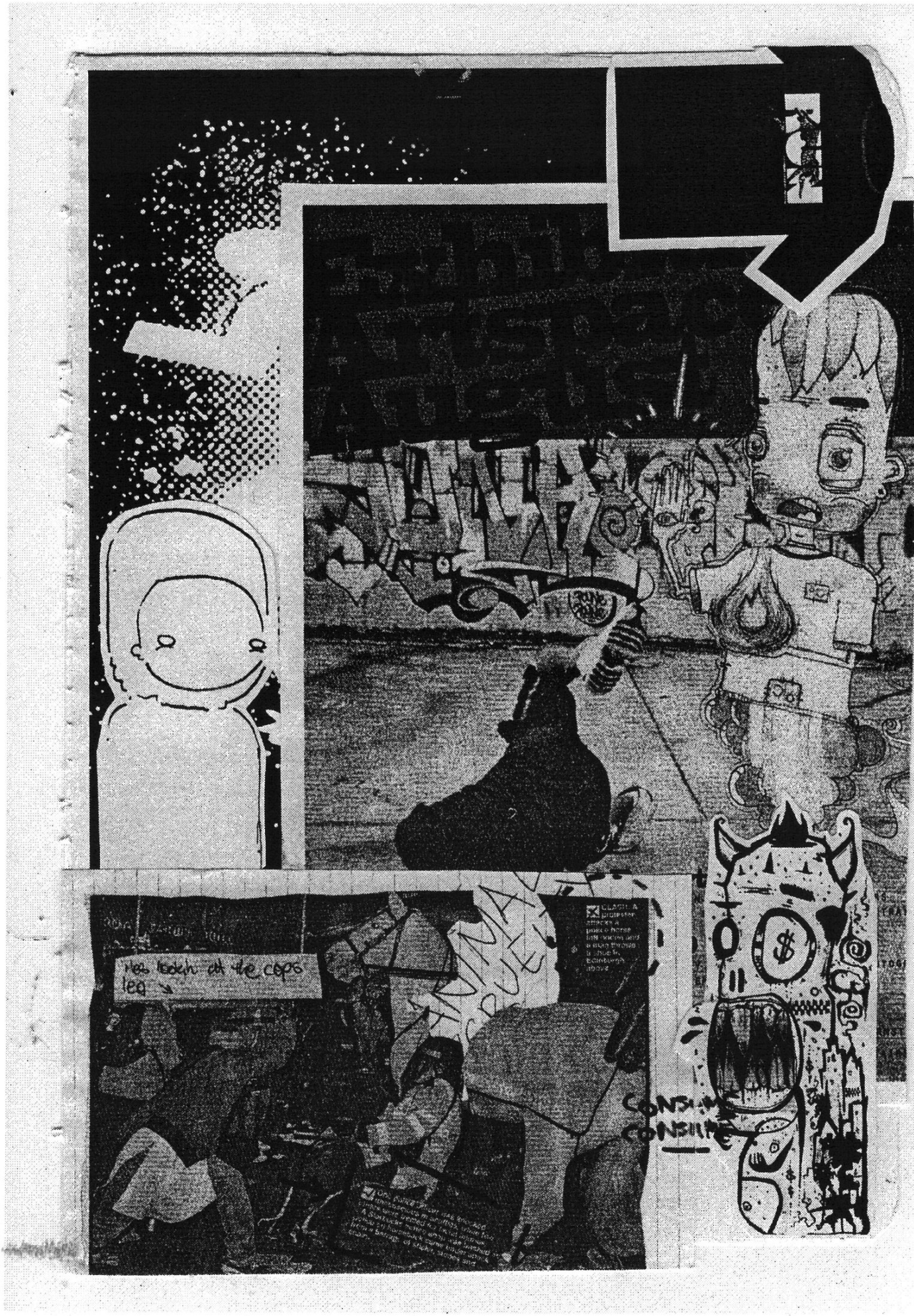
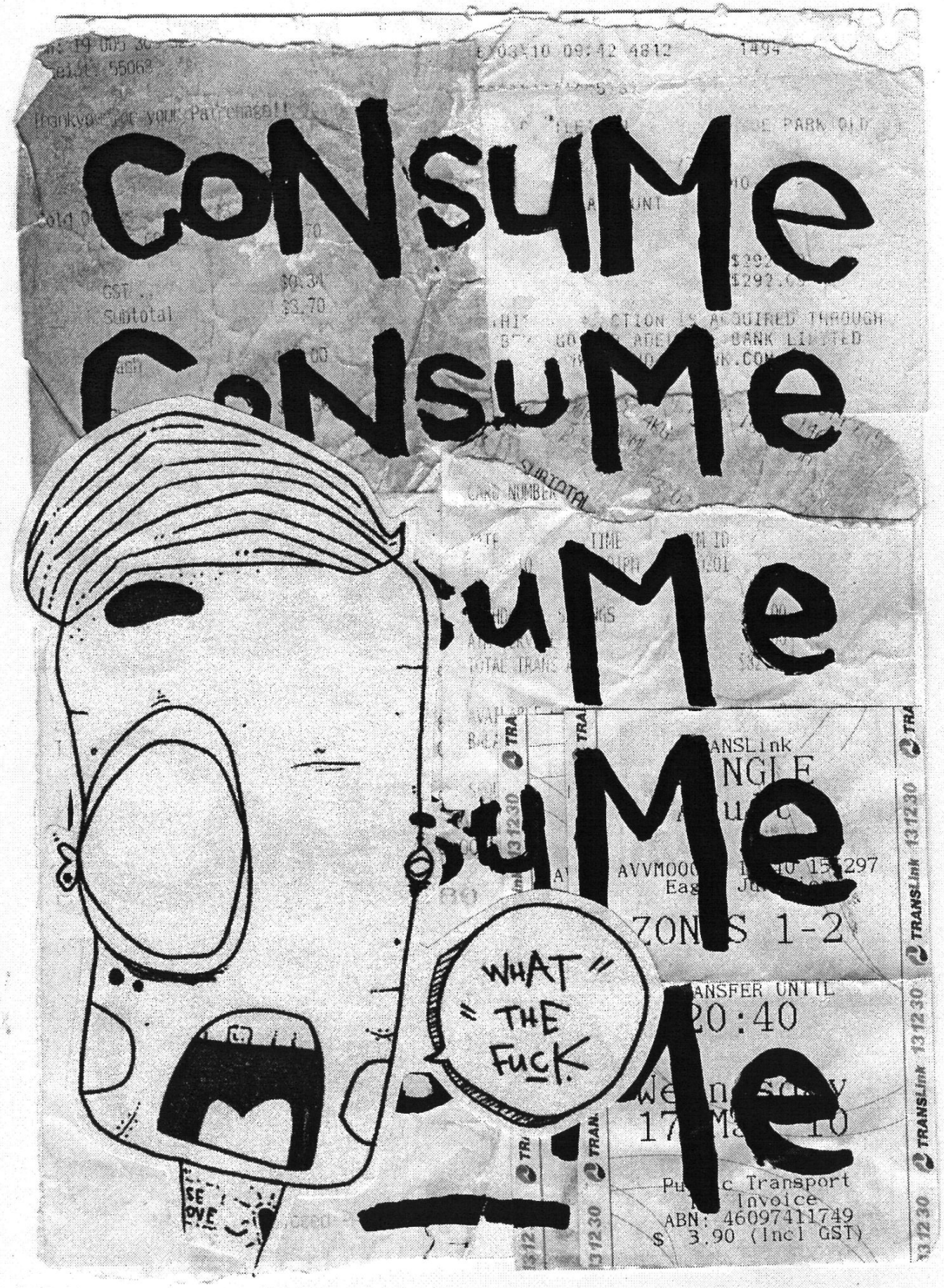

ky!

CUT AND PASTE CREATION
SILKSCREEN POSTER RUN
GRAFFITI IN THE STREET
DO IT YOURSELF ETHICS
ZINE CREATION
INDEPENDENT MEDIA!
RISE ABOVE

FILL MY CUP
Well I fell right down
Then got back up
I looked around - Then i filled my cup
Just when i thought
I was out of luck
I went out and earnt me - a good clean buck
So very many things to do
Like juggling balls
Getting paid to screw
You could even work at a reservoir
Don't ever pull the lever to hard
I watched it. over flow
I watched it. over flow x2
Bend right up
and head back down
Twist your neck - move it around
Apply for the job
Do it real good
I said fuck that - i don't think i should
throw in the towel
make up the lie
at least you gave it - all a try
I fell right down
Then got back up
I looked around - Then i filled my cup
I watched it. over flow
I watched it. over flow x2
Nothing matters not now
Nothing mattered any how
x2


He looks at the cops leg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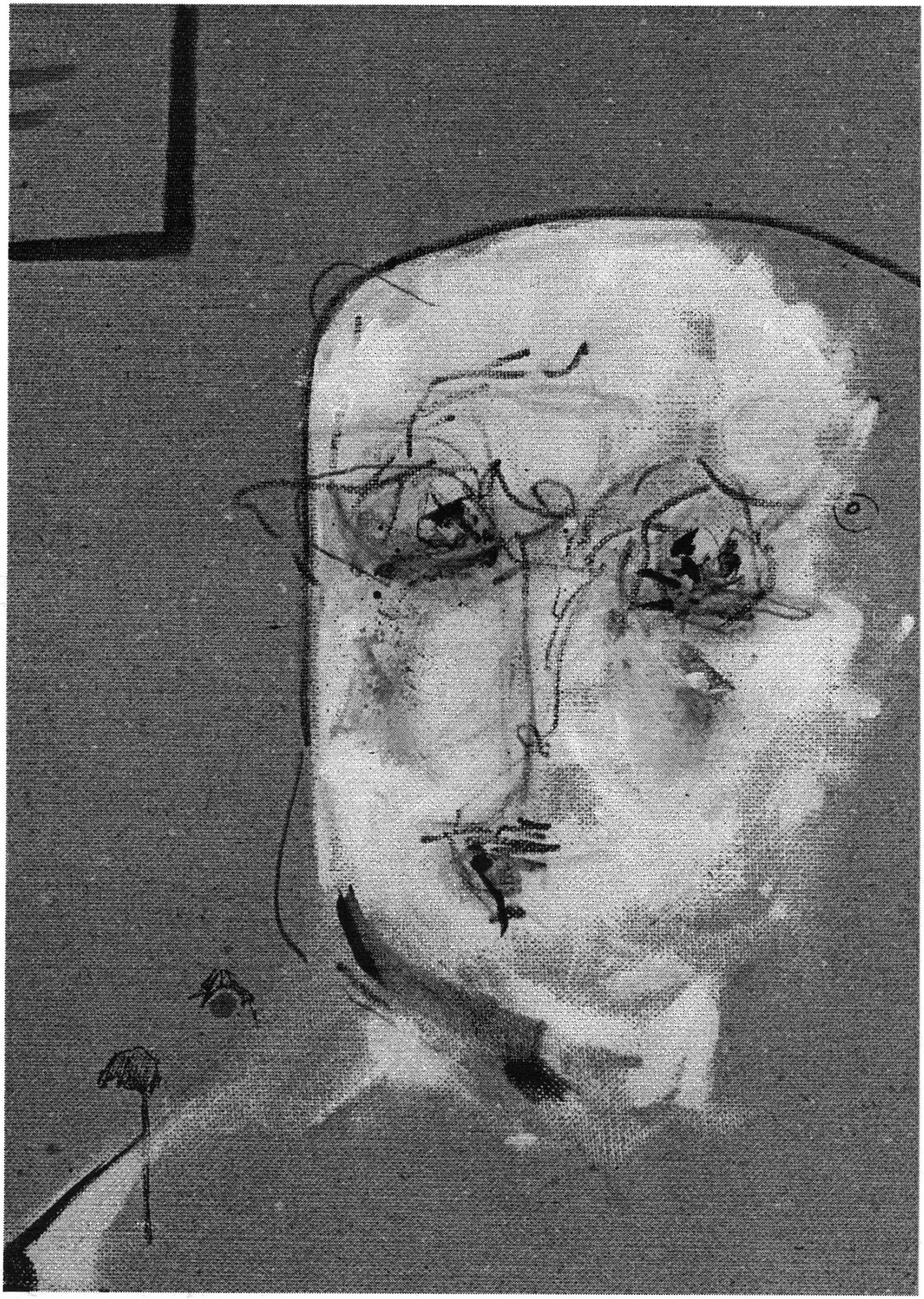
WHAT THE FUCK
ANSLink
NGLE
ZONES 1-2
ANSFER UNTIL
20:40
Public Transport
Invoice
ABN: 46097411749
$ 3.90 (Incl GST)
TRANSLink 131230

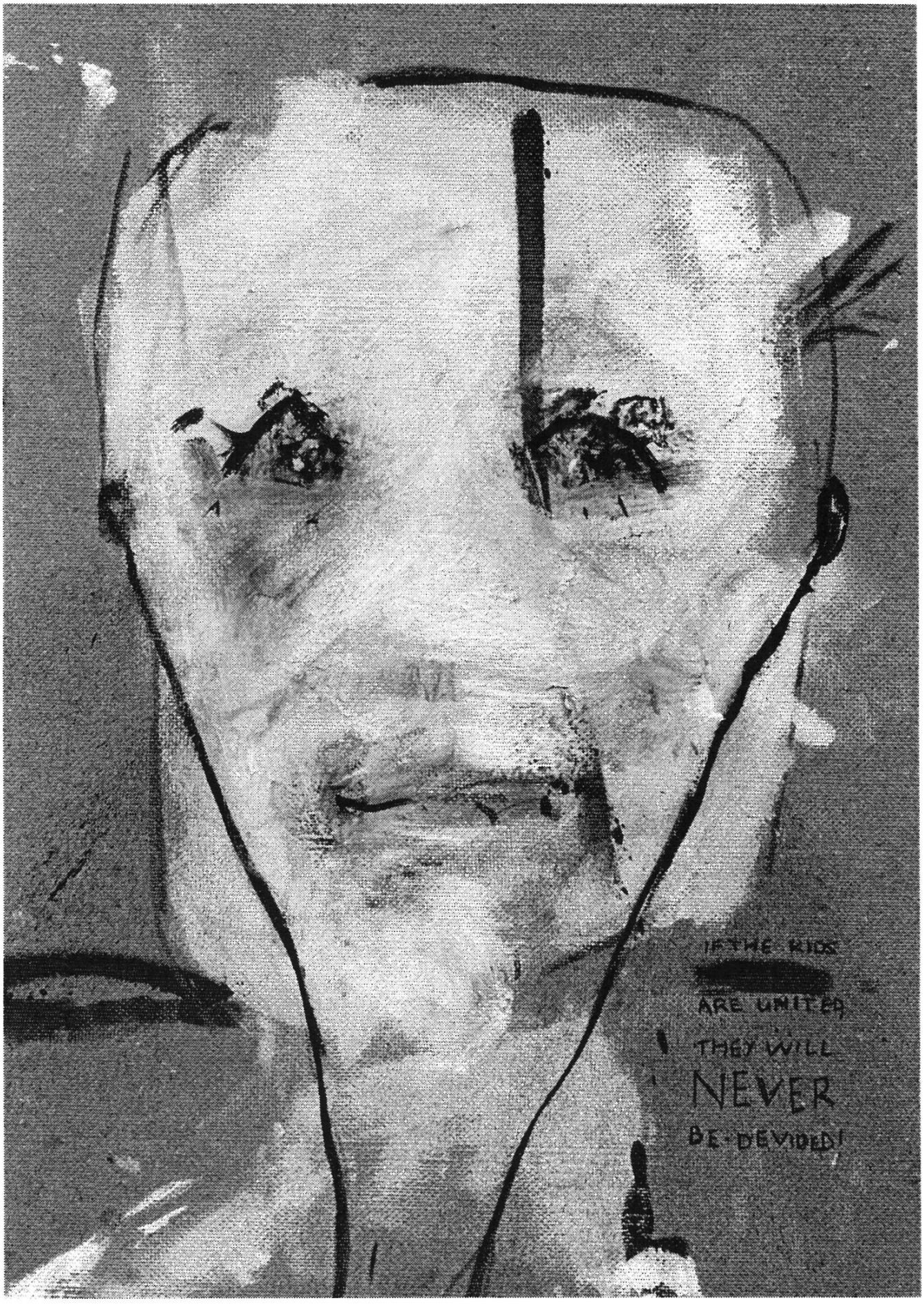
Artwork by Shane Keen and Matt Limmer.

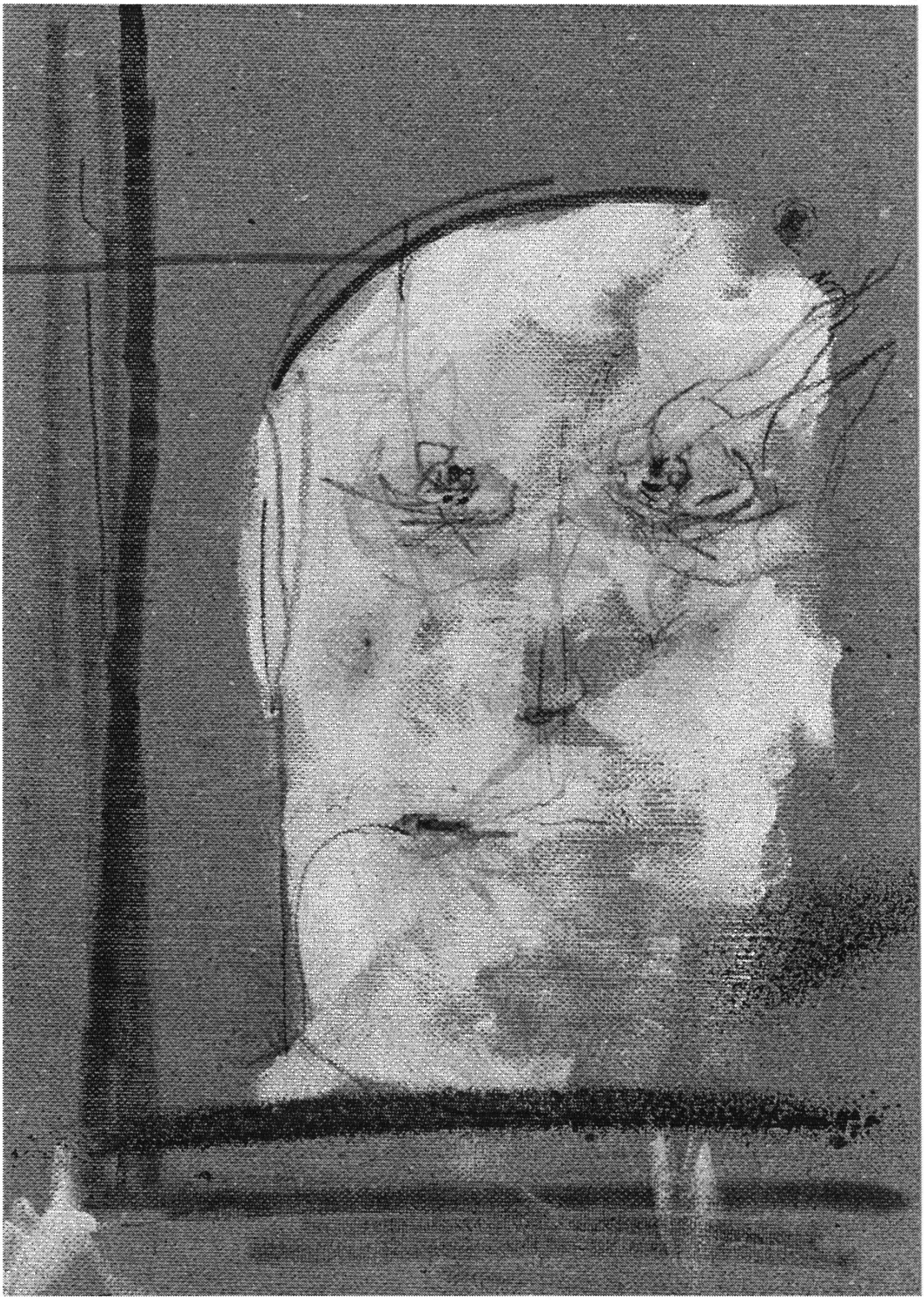
The artwork on the next seven pages is by

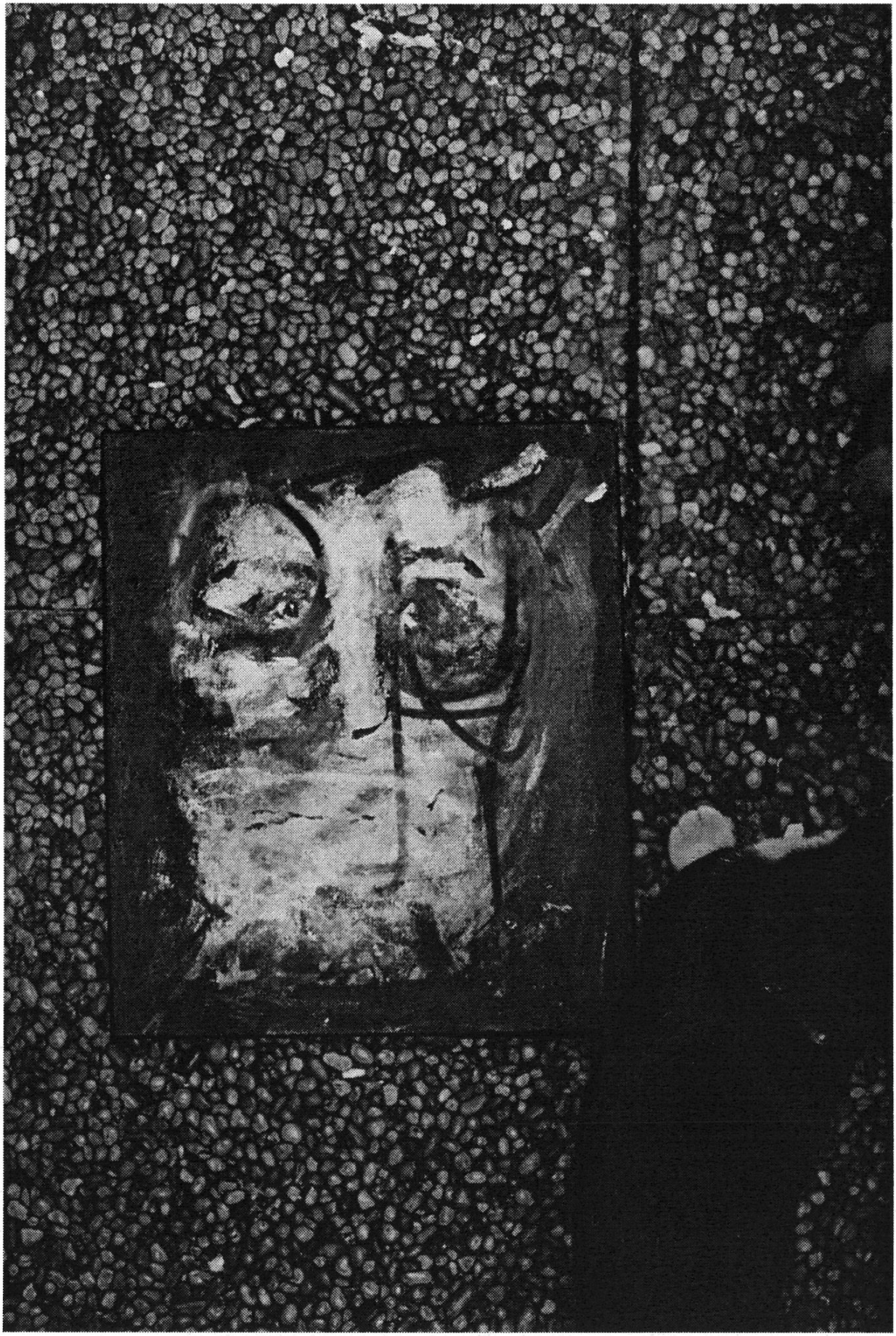
MATT LIMMER

[www.mattlimmer.com]




IF THE KIDS
ARE UNITED
THEY WILL
NEVER
BE-DEVIDED!





LJ Hooker
LJ Hooker

The writing on the next six pages is by

NATHAN ROCHE

[nathan_roche1@hotmail.com]

The following is a segment from the soon to be released novel "**A Study of Solitude**" by *Nathan Roche*. Here's what the back cover says;

Jack Gibson is a man with no desire to be a successful musician.
Faced with the pressures and boredom of unemployment in Sydney he decides to tour the country in support of his new album. Unfortunately, he isn't committed to booking shows or really even playing them. Nor does he have a driver's license to travel from city to city. Forced to endure his solo journey on crammed Buses from Townsville to Perth, he finds the experience is filled will the far more entertaining distractions like boozing, beaches, fishing and the unique personal encounters that only a solo entity could go through.
Furthermore, can he complete his tour before the government cuts off his fortnightly payments because they have realised he's not looking for work on a daily basis as his documents and application lodgments otherwise suggest. Join Jack Gibson on his adventures on a failed and poorly organised musical tour, which eventually turns into an alcohol-fueled social investigation rather than playing the shows he originally intended. And discover through the research collected on how people react to the sight of seeing an unfamiliar character walk about Australia wearing cheap aviators and carrying a guitar.

"I was getting closer towards the beach; I could feel the sea breeze coming towards me, despite all my sadness and regret. Something happened, something that completely changed my attitude towards my current position in life. I arrived on the beach and fell to my knees, this was it and this was the moment I had been waiting for. Queensland had let me down in terms of the beaches thus far, but after witnessing the whitest sand and the crashing of ferocious waves I completely forgave Queensland for all its misfortunes. I threw down all my travelling baggage; I ripped off my pants, shoes, socks and shirts and dived into the ocean. The ocean was a spiritual cleansing process to my body and mind; it was the ultimate ending to my pointless time in Queensland, I dived in and out of the gigantic waves and splashed around like an infant. I was re-born and ready for New South Wales in all its cyclone-free beauty. The ocean awakening had also taken away the cold that I thought was slowly forming that morning; I was convinced the sea had strange mythical powers.

I screamed over the waves crashing into the shore; "I love you Surfers Paradise, I love you sandy white beach with aggressive waves!"
I turned my head to the right of the beach and yelled; "I love you half naked girl to the right of me, it's people like you and places like this that make life worth living!"
She didn't hear me, and that was probably for the best. I could see her super-fit boyfriend emerging from the sea with his surfboard; it was like a commercial or an expensive surfing advertisement. Ah, I wished them all the best, there were plenty more fish in the sea for old Jacky boy, and the whole beach seemed to be engulfed with them.

I raced around the sand and had miniature flashbacks to my childhood holidays when I would perform similar antics, running across the sand, getting dunked under the waves and swallowed into the surf. It was a really deep and sentimental sequence of images; I had hoped the people on the beach who were watching were viewing it through their eyes with some kind of slow-motion effect with an orchestral backing. After my ocean baptism and creative ambition resurrection I decided I should probably go and find the bus station in town and get my soaking wet body to Byron Bay.

The bags were drenched in sand and sea salt, but I didn't give a shit; I was a happy man, even if I was abused and insulted on a bus in Southport. I knew things were going to work out alright. After buying a loaf of bread, ten slices of cheese and a similar amount of salami, I made myself some delicious sandwiches in an alleyway. I then booked my next ticket to Byron Bay and soon enough I was departing Queensland and heading into New South Wales to continue what could only be described as the most unorganised tour in the history of Australian Music. "

Out soon through **Artground Publishing**
To order email nathan_roche1@hotmail.com
$15 EACH

R.I.P SOCIETY SHOWCASE TOUR
Dead Farmers
Royal Headache
The Bed Wettin' Bad Boys
+
Kitchen's Floor

Day 1
It was when myself and Daniel Kawolsky (Dead Farmers; Drummer) were raking the leaves of Owen Penglis's backyard into the shape of a penis that I knew it was going to be a memorable tour. R.I.P Society had just received an invitation by "Label Parties", an organization based in Brisbane, Queensland. R.I.P label owner and BWBB musician, Nic Warnock took the opportunity by the horns, and raped it in the backside after getting a two thousand dollar grant from the government. This enabled the voyage of Dead Farmers, Royal Headache, The Bed Wettin' Bad Boys plus sound assistant Owen Penglis (Straight Arrows) and myself to venture in a twelve seat van with all expenses paid.

We all gathered in Owen's living room, and awaited Chris Short and the rental van. Many questioned the purpose of my presence on the tour, but before too long all bands and members would realise I wasn't completely worthless, as they may have originally thought. We took off out of the Redfern Residence and discussed the possibilities of spraying a gigantic "R.I.P SOCIETY" logo on the side of the rental van. Nic claimed that the grant money could possibly pay for the paint job, however, the removal and potential fines from AVIS would not be included in the financial budget.

The journey kicked off to a concerning start when I reached behind my seat to collect the first six-pack (of many) for the road trip. When I extended my arm through the array of amplifiers, guitar cases and drum equipment, I finally grabbed onto something that may have resembled a bottle of beer. When I pulled away it tore half my finger off. It had ripped against the sharp bottle lid no doubt. Everyone laughed as I lost blood and it oozed all over the rental van. We all learnt a valuable lesson that day. Leave the beer at the front of the van, and within reachable distance and sight.

Thankfully, the drive was only going to be a three-hour one as we planned a show at the Hamilton Bar in Newcastle with all bands playing in support of headlining act "Leadfinger" who to be perfectly honest with you, no one had ever heard of. The backseat conversations were made up mostly of discussions of Judaism with the three members of Dead Farmers; David Ackerman, Daniel Groz and Daniel Kawolsky who were all raised into Jewish religion. I got some insights into the truths behind their

traditions, and how their lives are intended to be lived – Daniel Groz's grandmother even rang him when she heard he wasn't coming to dinner that night for their weekly family meal.

"No, grandma, I'm not coming tonight."
"You come every week."
"Yes, but I'm going to Newcastle, I rang you earlier to tell you."
"What?"
"Yes, I rang you earlier."
"What time you come to dinner?"
Daniel Groz's grandmother is in her nineties, god-bless her, and I couldn't hear the phone conservation too well over Shogun's (Royal Headache) selected hardcore music blaring on the car stereo. But, I am sure she's a lovely woman nonetheless. We got into Newcastle quite early, the show didn't start until 10pm and Lawrence Hall (Royal Headache) claimed his friends were throwing a house party beforehand, this was going to be a good opportunity to get to know the people of Newcastle. And after travelling around aimlessly for half an hour trying to find the place we were all in need of a good beer and the company of others.

We got outside, stretched our legs and noticed that the house party was well and truly over. This was a highly disappointing discovery. We decided to head back into the township and look for affordable dinner options before setting up for the show at the Hamilton Hotel just after nine o'clock. We went into a slightly awkward Chinese restaurant; it was a majestic old place with chandeliers, Chinese paraphernalia and vintage Asian furniture. The place was completely empty when we walked in, and the woman seemed thrilled to have twelve people come at once. This was it. This was the big moment for the Newcastle Chinese Restaurant. Long story short, half of us left mid-way through ordering to get Japanese, and those who stayed said it was the worst meal they've ever had. I recall Owen saying "The stir fry beef taste exactly like the green curry chicken. And the prawn vegetables and Pad Thai do too."

After eating on a sidewalk outside the van, much to the disgust of some of the drunken locals, we made our way inside the Hamilton Hotel to find the place completely engulfed with families, bikers and others in the room where the gig was supposed to be. It looked like some kind of Freemasons convention or something, but before too long workers had come in and kicked them all out and magically re-arranged the place into a live music venue. One of the workers asked if I could work on the door and collect the entry fees, he offered the sum of five beers for my services and I was quick to agree.

The room slowly filled and The Bed Wettin' Bad Boys kicked off the night with their
Creedence Clear Water influenced punk rock. You could literally smell the influences of The Replacements and KISS and it smelt damn good. The good thing is that unfortunately those bands they worship are more or less neglected these days. So the BWBBs seem like the freshest band on the planet right now. They used to have the most unorganised ramshackle performances you've ever heard or seen. I remember watching them support Eddy Current Suppression Ring late December 2008; it was the worst performance I had ever seen in my life. Times have certainly changed now.

Next up were Sydney favourites Royal Headache, which once again featured BWBB member Joe Davis-Griffith on bass guitar, keep in mind he also plays in David
Akerman's (Dead Farmer's) new band Carborator (which also features members of Songs), not to mention has a full-time design job and a girlfriend. Let's just pause for a minute and think about Joe and all the things he has to do and balance in his life.

Royal Headache are one of Sydney's most beloved bands, and they just keep on churning out good songs. Their sets are never a dull moment; most of the people watching are familiar with all the songs, so its like going to a Buzzcocks 30th Anniversary concert where they only play the good songs you love. Except Headache on the other hand have only been around for just over a fuckin' year. Still, if longevity has anything to do with quality of performance then Dead Farmers have proven that theory right. Dead Farmers have been playing around Sydney and Australia for nearly four years now, and with the long-awaited release of their debut record (out through R.I.P Society) they have finally hit their peak. After former drummer Chabbs left the band to concentrate on university studies, it only seemed logical that nutcase drummer Daniel Kawolsky from party punk band Pee Wee would fill his position. His influences are probably more to do with partying, alcohol and loose women and this really works to his advantage, Kawolsky knows the songs back to front and smacks the kit nearly harder than Daniel Groz hits his bass guitar (which, judging by the bloodshed after each performance, is pretty hard). After leaving the stage to an impressed crowd, the merchandise table is immediately raided with people demanding their record "Go Home", not to mention all fifteen of the Royal Headache cassettes that guitarist Lawrence made the night before hand sold out within the first hour. Who said Newcastle would have been a profitless exercise?

Day 2
The next day was going to be a particularly difficult one. Yes; the twelve-hour drive had something to do with it. Mainly, it was the fact that Shogun, Owen, Kawolsky and myself stayed up until five o'clock in the morning drinking and smoking with a six o'clock pick up and departure. After climbing into the van red-eyed and angry we ventured to McDonald's for a nutritious breakfast and continued our journey north. I was passed out in the back seat, so I can't really document any of the conversations that went on, I do know we stopped again outside Coffs Harbour and got five-dollar pizza. Breakfast of champions followed by a lunch fit for kings. After that we had a dessert of the gods at the Coffs Harbour Big Banana Café.

We noticed that we were rapidly running out of time and that we had to be in Brisbane on Brunswick Mall before seven o'clock to give Brisbane band Kitchen's Floor the bass amplifier. We were running out of time. Joe Davis-Griffith, a renowned nutcase when it comes to driving, took the wheel and did some hours before swapping back with Shorty. We somehow made it into the outskirts of Brisbane with ten minutes remaining on the clock, and suddenly it was my time to shine.

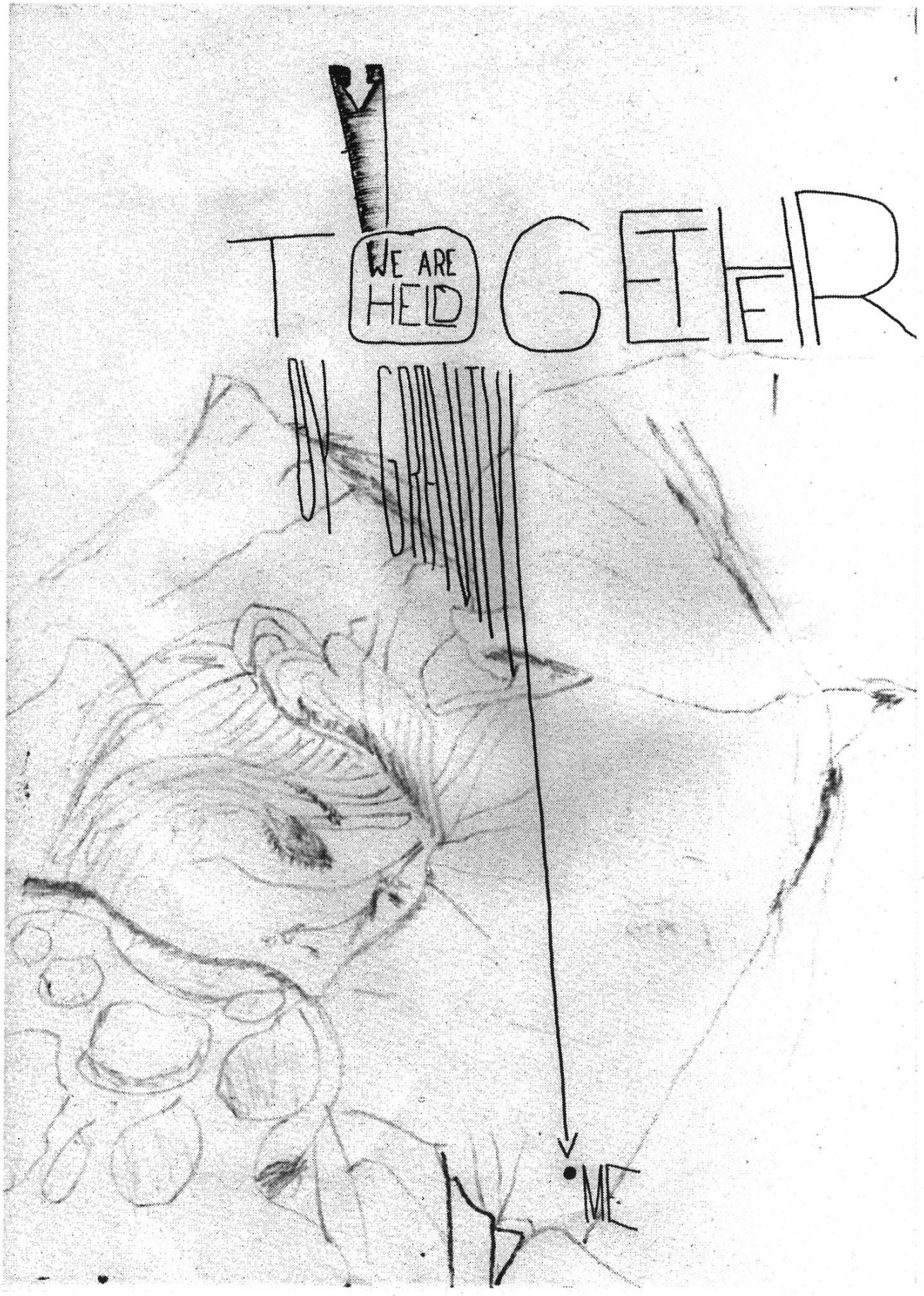
Being ridiculed by the other members and constantly told by Ben Warnock to shut up and write down the van conversations and jokes, my local knowledge on how to get to Fortitude Valley would save us all. I would redeem myself and be crowned a hero for the tour, a tracker, a saint, and a knowledgeable native of the land. We made it just in time and we all carried the equipment into the mall. I wasn't wearing any shoes due to the catastrophic blisters I had received from the boots I stole 3 days before hand. This was karma, but by the looks of my skinless ankles, karma had gone one step too far.

Within minutes of delivering the bass amplifier R.I.P Society band Kitchen's Floor kicked off the proceedings. Brunswick mall was filthy as ever, and was littered with all kinds of degenerates. People snuck in goon sacks in their handbags to drink outside, and homeless men and women were dancing and screaming like crazy. It truly was the death of society, the perfect location for the R.I.P showcase. Kitchen's Floor played a few months earlier in Sydney for their latest seven-inch release. You don't have to stick around Brisbane for too long to release this band captures everything gritty about the city. From "Orbit" to "Left", you could see the band brought a crowd, and those who hadn't heard them either thought it was the best shit ever, or the worst.

Next up were The Bed Wettin' Bad Boys, who have sold out of all of their debut seven inches, at this point the merchandise table was looking pretty dismal. It didn't matter, since everyone's attention was focused on the stage, they tore through would-be classics "Waste Of Time", "Lone Wolf", and a brilliant pitch-perfect rendition of "Fortune Son" as delivered by Ben Warnock. Royal Headache took the stage once again and delivered their soul-punk to the masses to much delight, some of the recent highlights have been some of their newer songs like "Are You Really in Love" for example. The outside crowd hit a peak, people wanted to know what the fuck was going on, I think I even noticed some Brisbane Bronco-wearing men salute their fists to the sky. Not even the testosterone-fuelled athletes could compete with the sheer awesome display of music.

The final band of the evening were Dead Farmers, bassist Daniel Groz quickly ordered on the microphone for a $19.95 McDonald's Family Meal, as the fast-food restaurant was directly to the left of the stage. One of the homeless men in the crowd yelled out "Buy me one you bastard". Before Groz could respond, Daniel Akerman tore into the first track and as usual all hell broke loose. The band took advantage of whatever foundations The Stooges may have layered down over rock'n'roll some years ago, then added some kind of psychedelic in-your-face guitar treatment. They played most of the songs off their "Go Home" record, and finished with a new one that is going to be a forthcoming single.

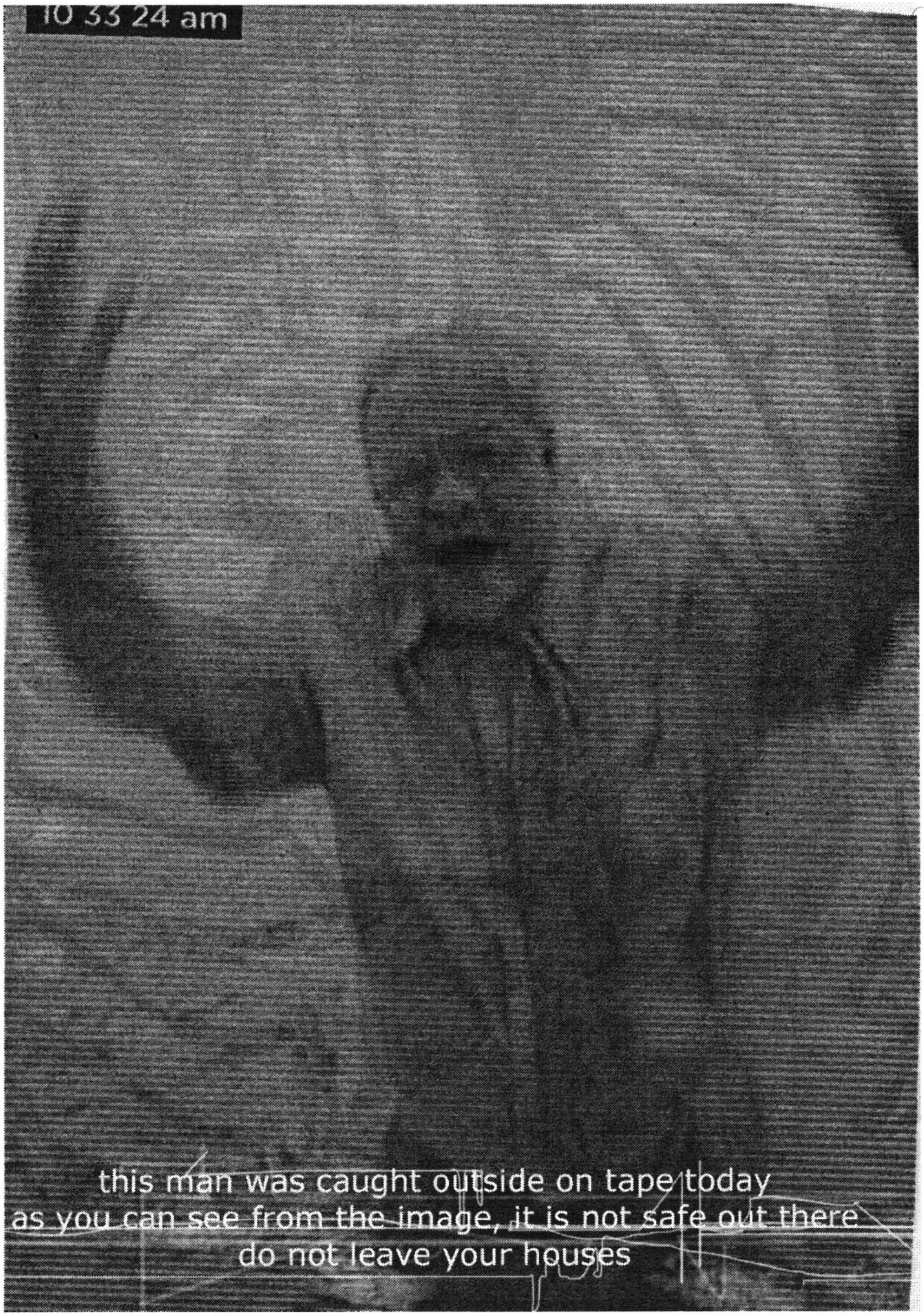
Ok, time to round this up, after the show Nic went and bought two cases of beer, we went to a wild house party and the rest is fucking history.

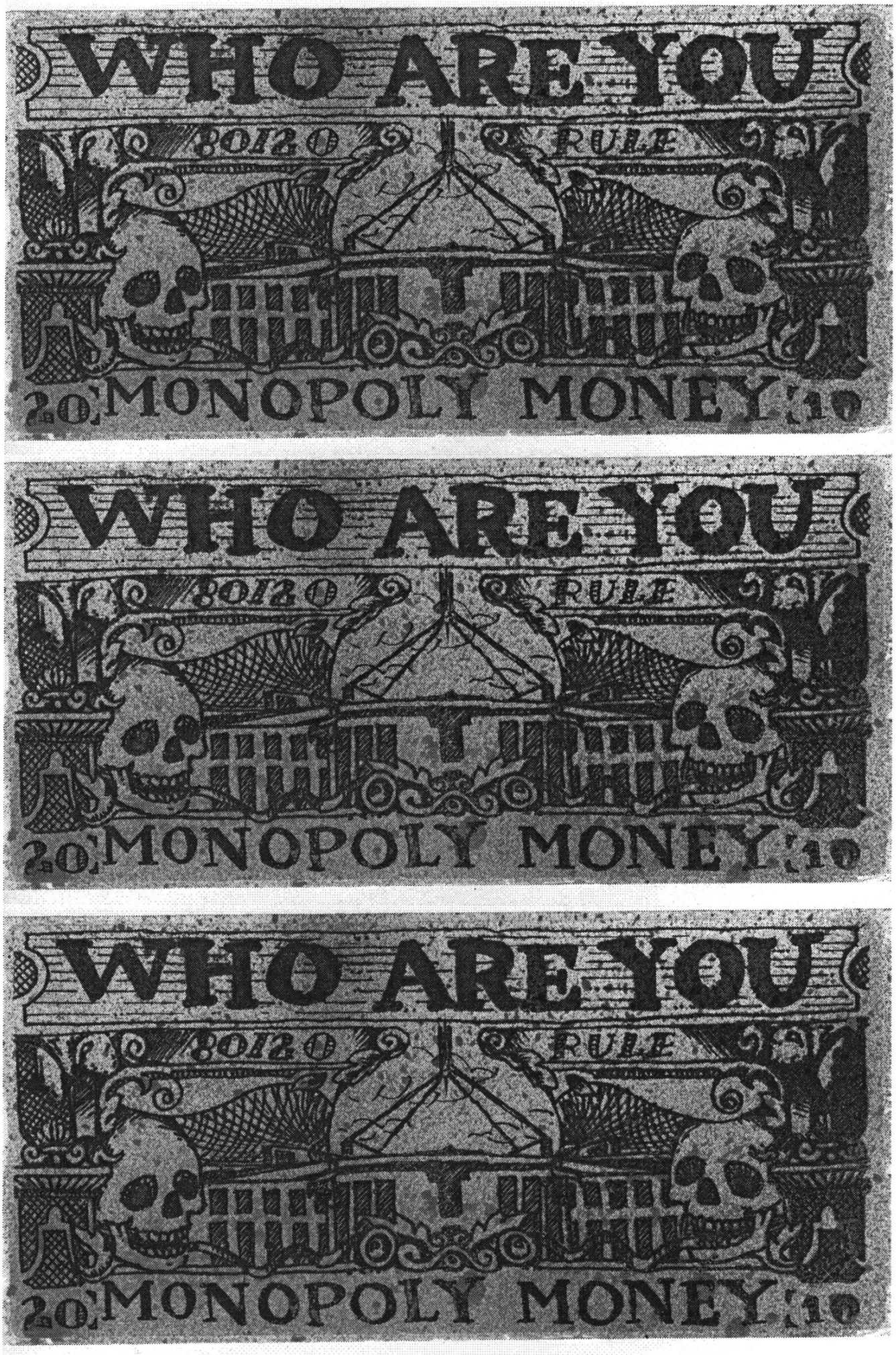

TOGETHER
WE ARE HELD
BY GRAVITY
ME

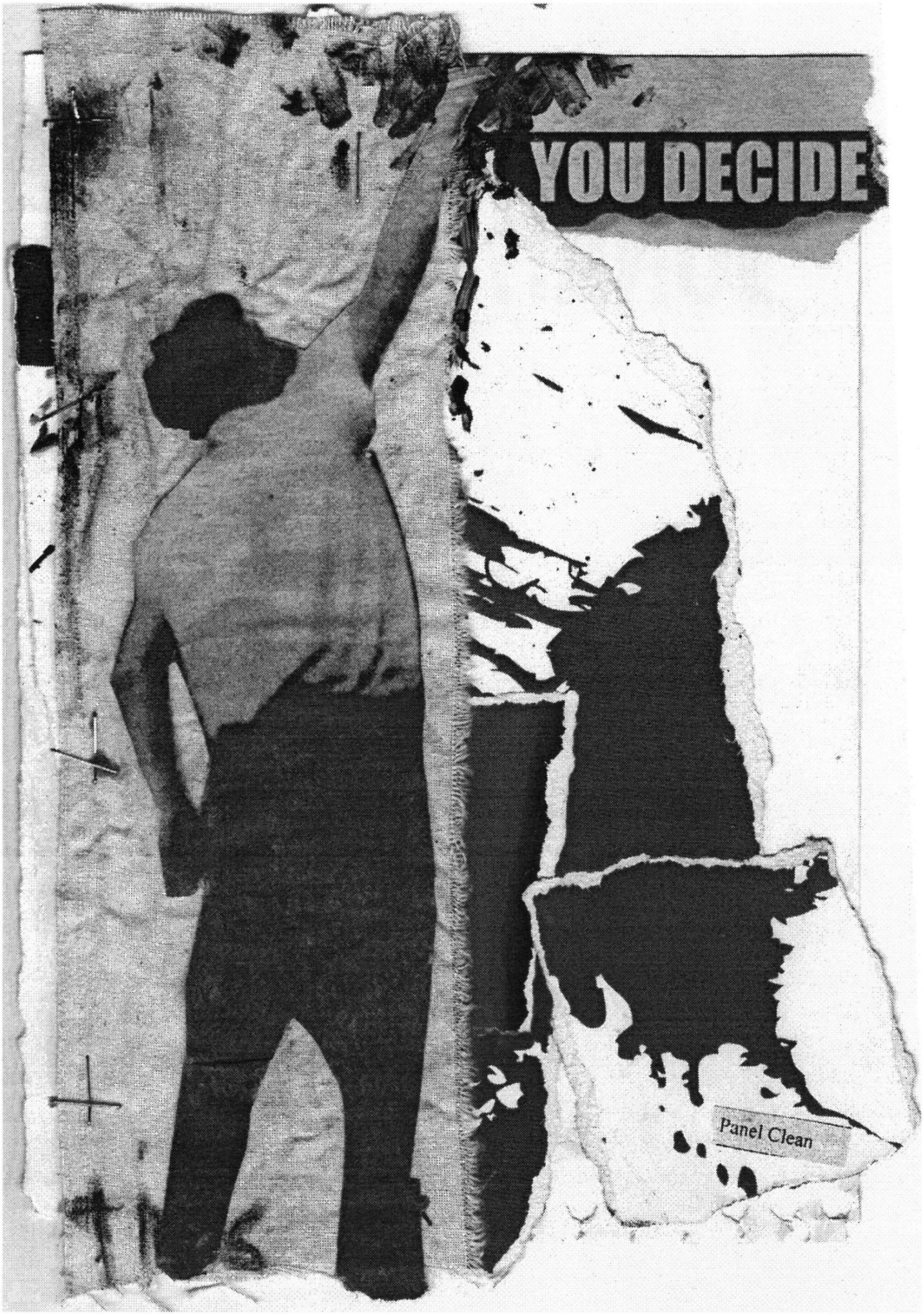
The artwork on the next five pages is by

CLINT SEARSTON

[clinton.searston@hotmail.com]


10 33 24 am
this man was caught outside on tape today
as you can see from the image, it is not safe out there
do not leave your houses

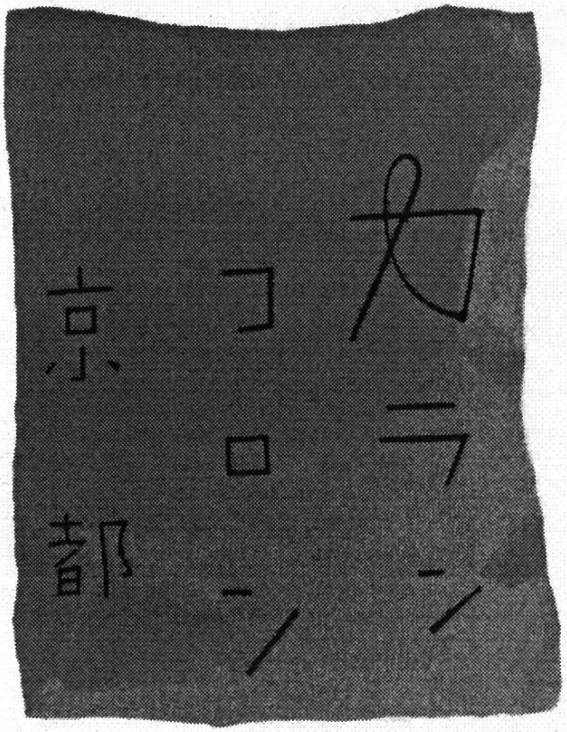

WHO ARE YOU
BOIZ
RULE
MONOPOLY MONEY
WHO ARE YOU
BOIZ
RULE
MONOPOLY MONEY
WHO ARE YOU
BOIZ
RULE
MONOPOLY MONEY

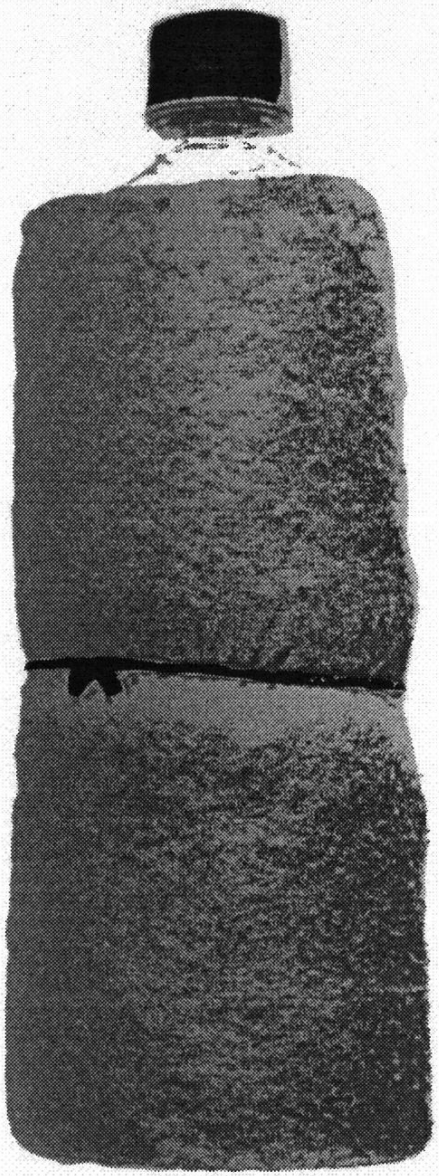

YOU DECIDE
Panel Clean

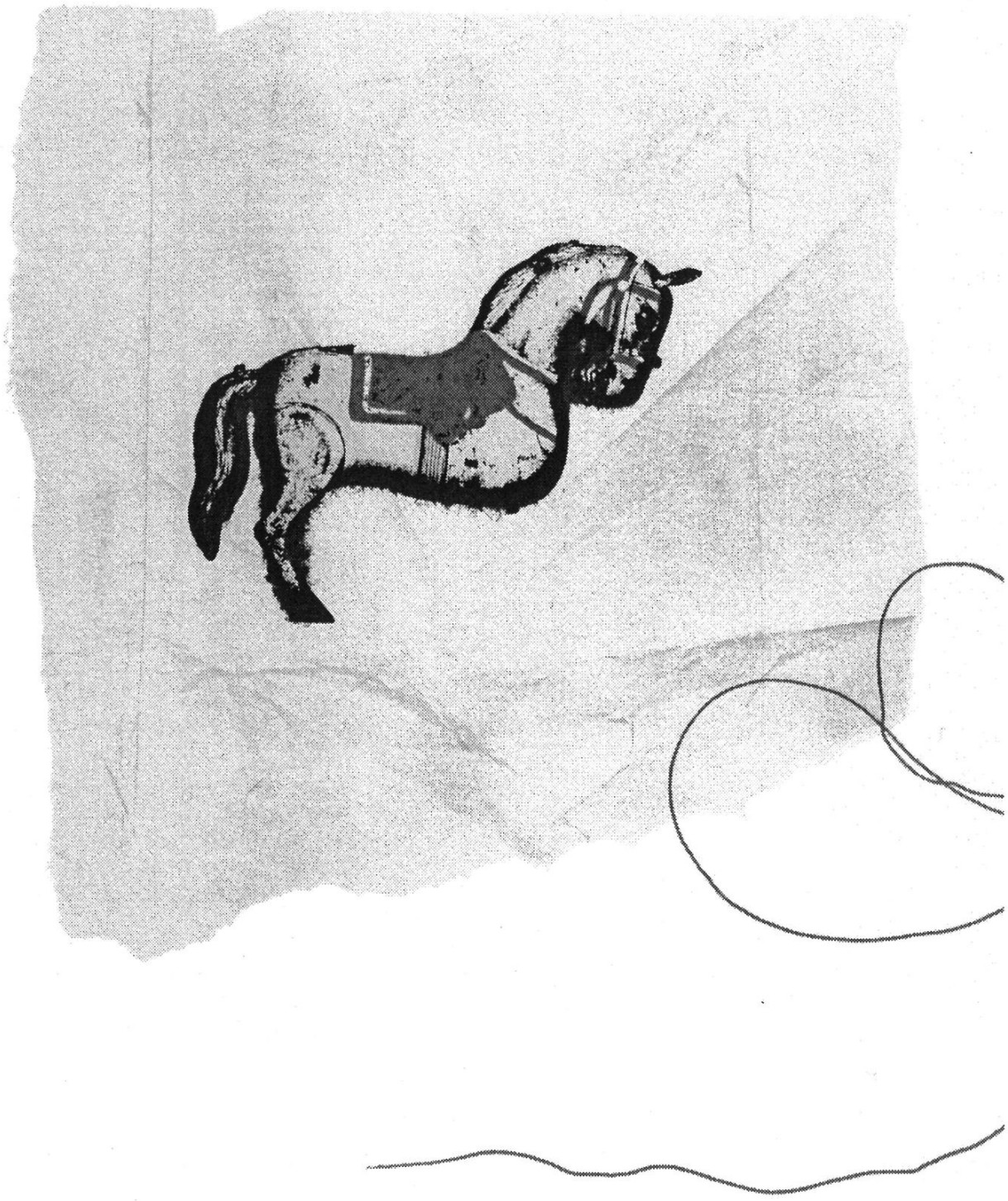
The artwork on the next seven pages is by

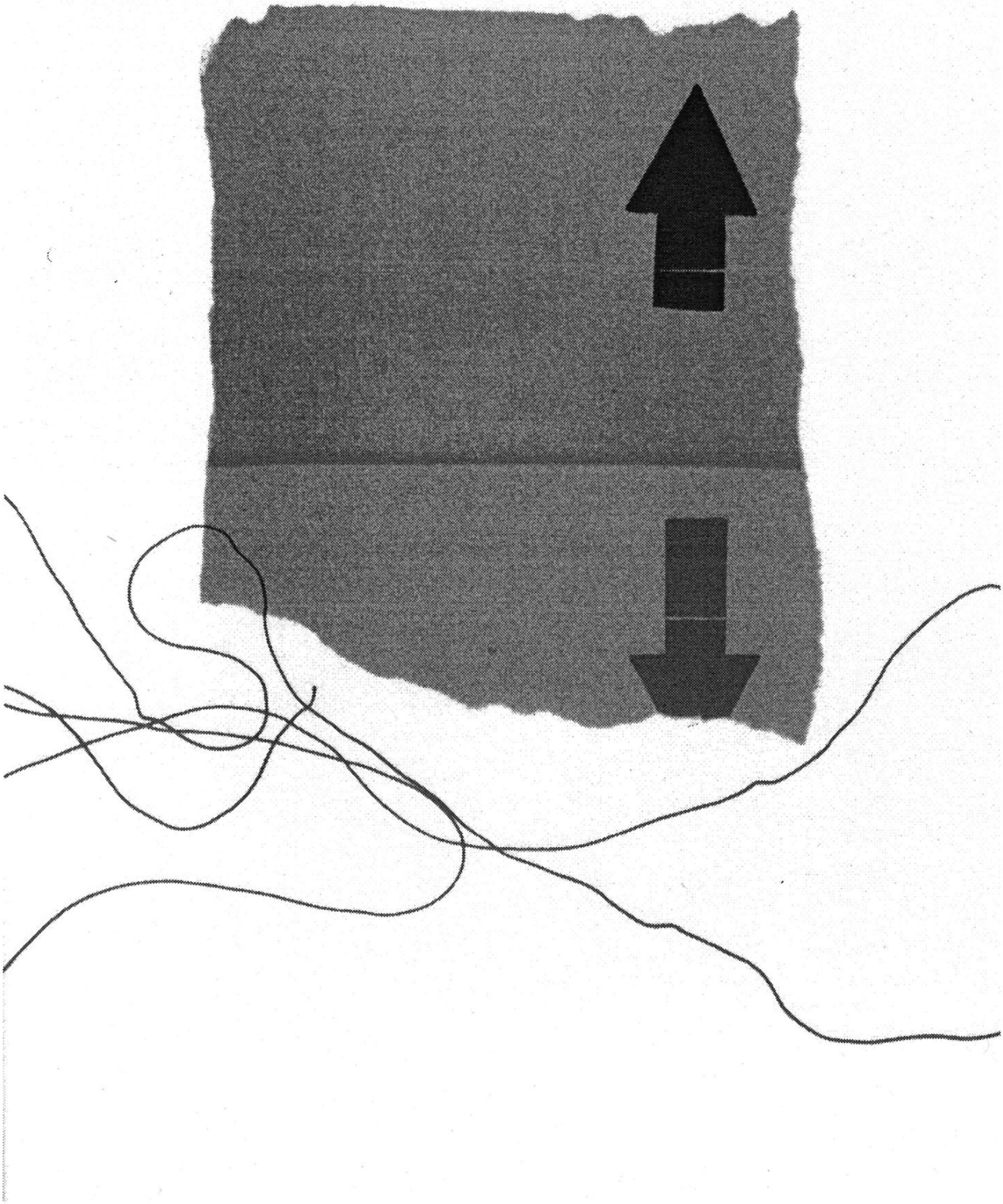
JONATHAN TSE

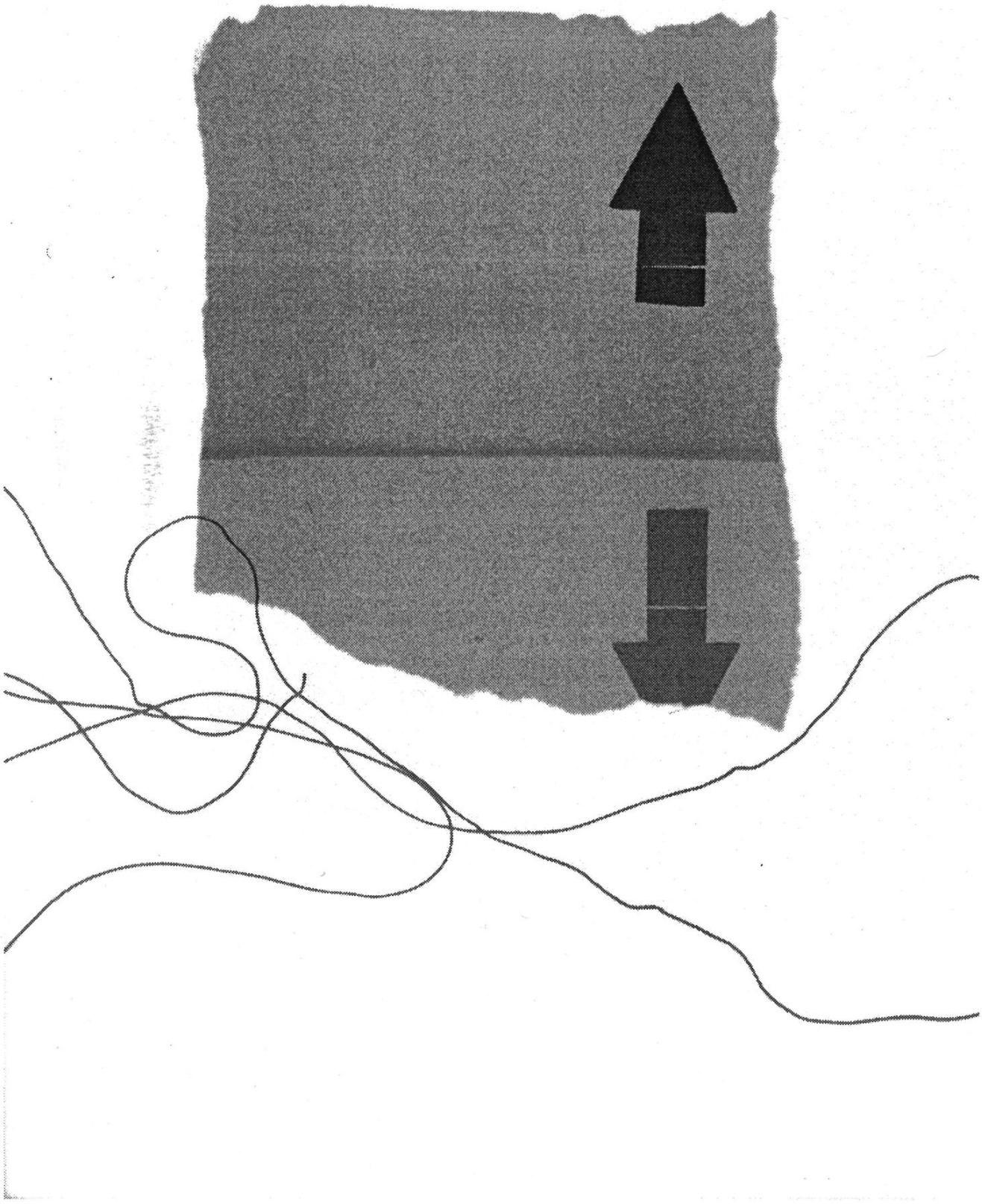
[jon_tse67@hotmail.com]



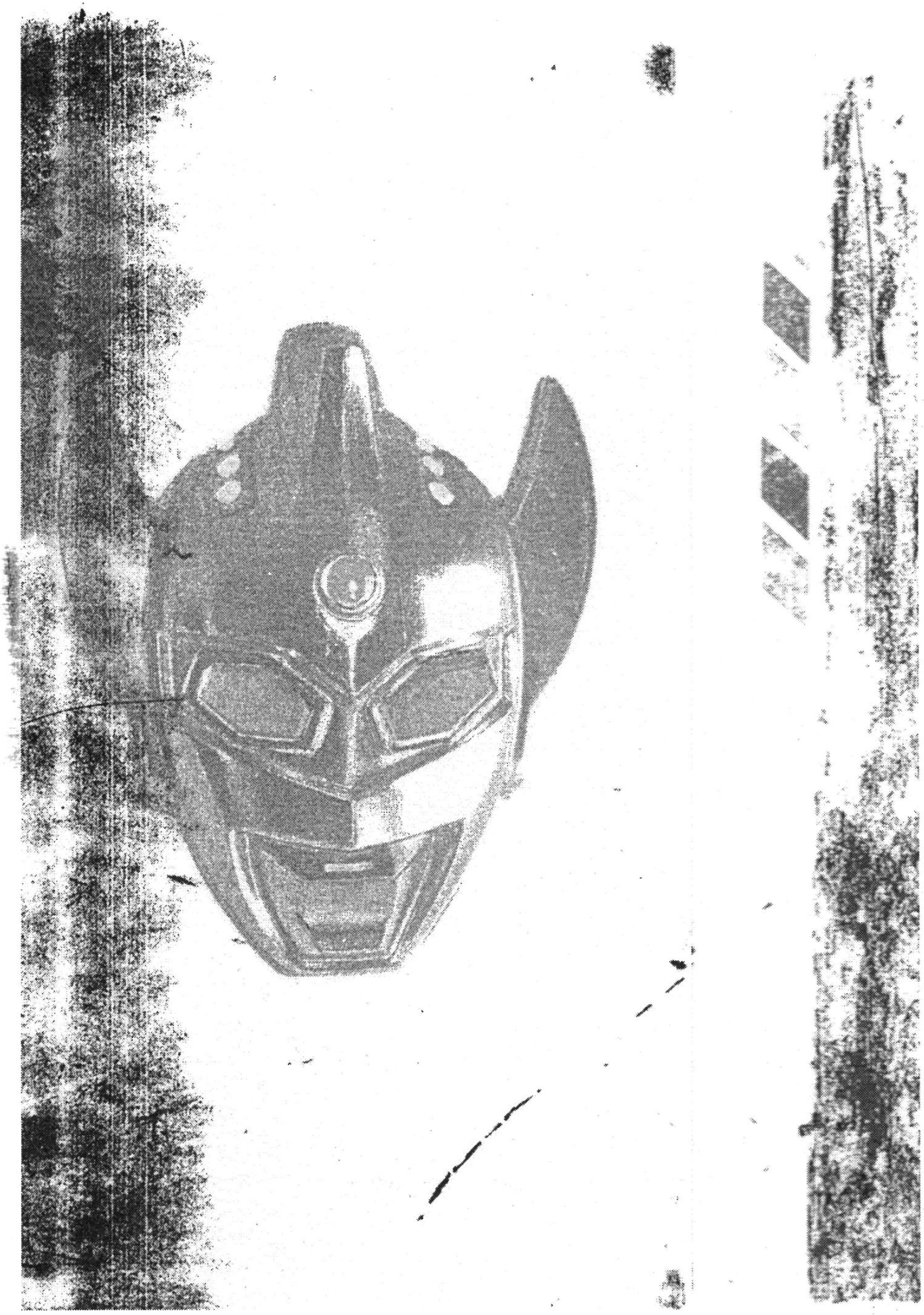


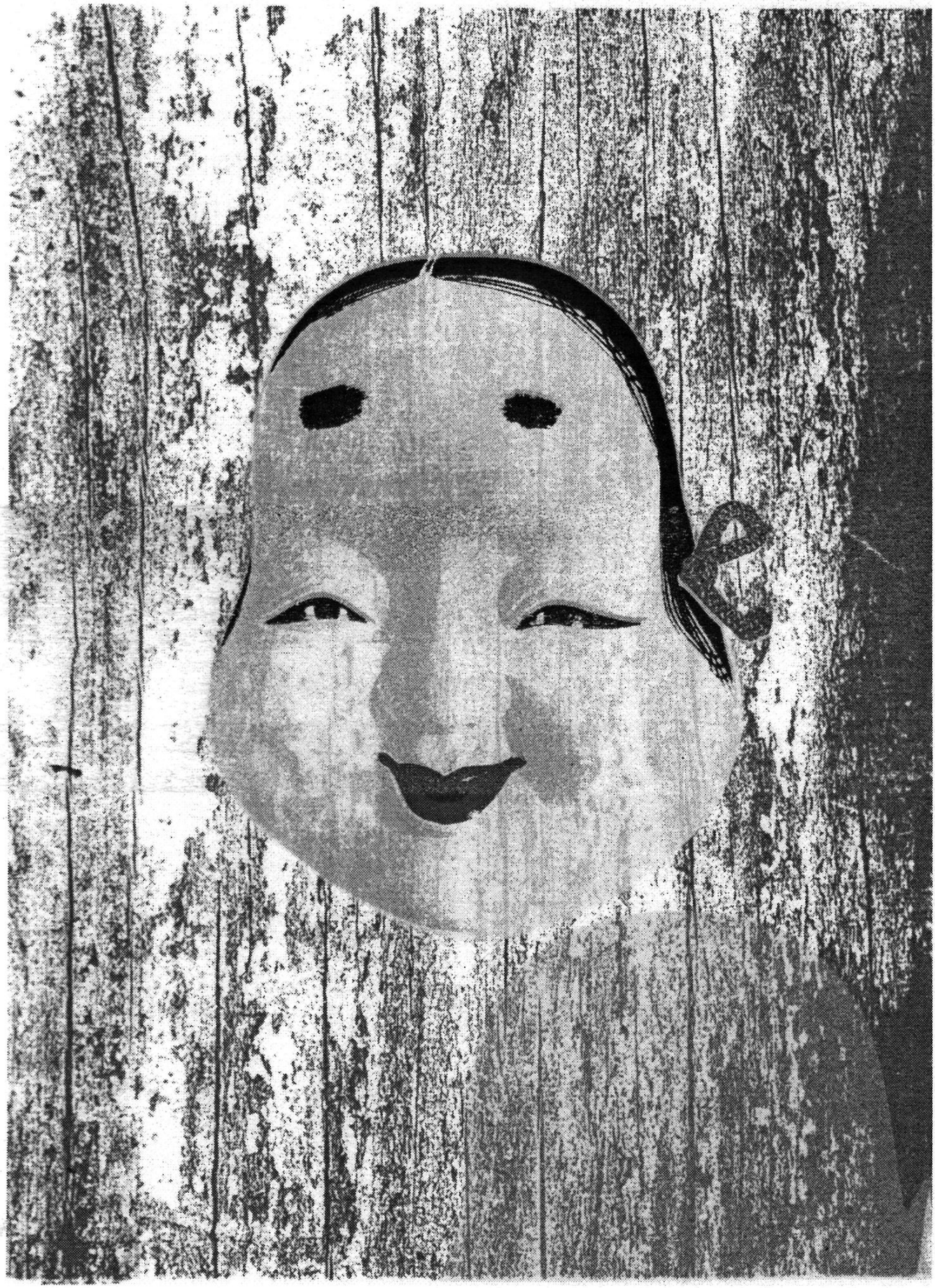






keeps on the
know what else
very sorry
much more
it's still
hope you
why the
attract





Inside this zine are projects by Douglas Arana, Johnny Beez, Shane Keen, Matt Limmer, Nathan Roche, Clint Searston and Jonathan Tse.

This was created in hope of giving a source of inspiration for anyone who wants to do *what the fuck* they want.

ALA zines Box 6